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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We believe that the Foreign Office, administered by men of sagacity and firmness, is doing, and means to do, all that in reason is possible to prevent cotton from reaching Germany. This is an exceedingly difficult and an exceedingly delicate matter. It is not practicable to hack our way through it, because there are still some neutral countries which count. One way to prevent cotton from reaching Germany would no doubt be to say to these neutrals, "You shall not have a bale of cotton because we know that some of that bale may pass into Germany and there be used for propulsive ammunition". But we have not yet met any advocate of this way; and we doubt whether the German Chancellor himself, supposing his country were situated as this country is to-day, would go to that length in spite of his principle that a nation must hack its way through. For reasons quite apart from ethics and international law it would not be advisable; reasons better comprehended at the Foreign Office than outside the Foreign Office.

Buying up the cotton—"buying up the lot"—is another way that is not practicable and never has been practicable. There would be the question of price, a question of three hundred millions, say; and there would be again the question of international law and ethics. It could not be done, and it cannot be done. Rationing the neutral countries, making cotton contraband of war—here we come down from theories to reason, and we advise the public to hope for and expect the latter at least. But we would once again impress on people that there is no magic in the term contraband of war by which the enemy will be at once starved in the matter of cotton. He offers a high price for it; and that is an evil which is scarcely likely to decrease. Should making cotton contraband prove more successful than the methods at present applied by this country, he will, we fear, offer a still higher price. Still, we have hopes of an improvement soon.

A public meeting at the Queen's Hall this week on this question of cotton afforded Sir William Ramsay an opportunity of giving the public a clear and able account of the part cotton is playing in the war to-day. For the less impressive side of the meeting Sir William Ramsay was in no sense responsible. It was unfortunately too clear that the bulk of the audience had very little acquaintance with the difficulties of the whole question of cotton for the enemy. They appeared to think that the Government was refusing to do some very simple and obvious thing which would stop cotton and stop the war without further difficulty or fuss. The meeting would have been stronger and had the more effect if it had not been so ready to assume that the Government was in this matter entirely foolish and weak.

The more one learns of the evacuation of Warsaw, the more one is impressed with the method and foresight of the Russian command. The Russians have organised their retreat as scientifically and as thoroughly as the Germans have organised their victory. For two weeks Warsaw was emptied of its wealth—its machines, metals, stores, and serviceable property. The factories were stripped. The cars and engines for this wholesale migration were quietly collected. The non-portable crops were destroyed. The non-portable machinery was blown up and the fragments collected. The telephone, telegraph, and tram wires were pulled up or taken down. Even the operating pumps for the water supply were removed. Meantime the city pretended to go on as usual about its business, and correspondents talked still of saving the position. Clearly the Russian Staff, so hospitable and frank with the foreign Press, has its own methods of secrecy and reserve. Warsaw was being evacuated when newspapers in London were recording checks to the German armies.

The Germans have lost no time holding a triumph at Warsaw. They are aiming continually towards Riga and Kovno and the way to the North. Naturally

the Press is full of speculation, but just one thing is clear as to this invasion of the German armies—namely, that they are allowing our Allies no respite; and that the taking of Warsaw, no more than the taking of Przemyśl, is not the end of this vast offensive campaign in the East.

Now that Russia herself is faced with invasion, the critics have become busy with reminiscences of 1812. Comparisons, comforting, no doubt, but wholly misleading, are passed to and fro, all tending to assure the public that, because Napoleon failed in 1812, a successful invasion of Russia is for all time impossible, or not at all to be feared. This sort of talk will not be greatly appreciated by our Ally. Russia is fully aware of the gravity of the position in which she stands. The foolish idea of Russia as a kind of vast wilderness in which invading armies are sure to lose themselves, or to be frozen and starved, will hardly appeal to the soldiers who are fighting every inch of ground upon quite a different assumption. Nothing to-day is as it was in the time of Napoleon. The analogy is false and foolish.

All thoughts are now turned to the East, where the fighting and the diplomatic pleading are equally reaching a decisive point. It would be idle to pretend an entire ignorance as to the negotiations which now are proceeding between Bulgaria and the Powers. It would be equally idle to deny their immense and immediate importance. The German diplomatists have two clear advantages, which are obvious at once. The first is the military prestige arising out of their Eastern campaign. The second is their quite unfettered willingness to promise almost anything in return for Bulgarian neutrality. It would serve no useful purpose to speculate as to the precise line being taken by the Allies.

The significance of the landing of a force upon the shores of the Gulf of Saros can be seen at once from the map. The establishing here of a strong and aggressive force, supplied and reinforced, would threaten to turn the whole of the Turkish position in Gallipoli. The deadly fighting from ridge to ridge of the peninsula would automatically cease supposing that the neck of this fatal projection could be closed. The Turkish defences would literally be mortified like a constricted limb. No one is in a position from the brief despatch of Sir Ian Hamilton to judge as to what really is intended by this last diversion. A landing has been made to the rear of the Turkish lines from sea to sea at Bulair. That is all we can safely say at present.

Simultaneously with the landing in the Gulf of Saros we hear briefly of advances in Gallipoli and of the bold activity of our submarines in the straits. There is an account of a British submarine which came to the surface and actually shelled a column of troops advancing to relieve the Turks! For more detailed news and for any true sense of the proportion of these new movements we must be content to wait.

The exact scope and character of the operations in the Baltic are not published. There has clearly been an attack of some sort by a German secondary fleet upon Riga, and this attack has successfully been beaten off by the Russian Navy. These naval operations may prove to be of some importance in the main strategic campaign upon the Eastern frontier. The movements of the German armies in the North-East will be appreciably helped or hindered by the possession or denial of help from the sea. The sinking last week of a German transport by a British submarine indicates that serious attention is being given to the Baltic.

The attack by Zeppelin on the East Coast on Tuesday night was, from the German point of view, a great success—up to a point. Nine women and four children were killed, seven women and children were wounded.

Then the luck of the invader turned. Four of the vessels, it is true, escaped untouched; but the fifth of the attacking craft was damaged by gunfire from the land defences—a circumstance very surprising and creditable, as all will agree who know what the bombarding of aircraft from the ground is like. This vessel was apparently finished off in an attack by the British airmen. In any case, it reached Ostend as a mass of wreckage. This is the third Zeppelin raider brought to account. One is quite heartily glad of these achievements. There is strict justice—the wild justice which is an allowed revenge—in the felling of these murderous craft. One is not troubled with regret for a gallant enemy lost. The whole enterprise is a pure and joyful gain.

Little serious attention has been paid in the British Press to the German "offers of peace" to Russia. They were not of the least importance, and one can only regret that they got at all into the posters and headlines this week. Germany, in the flush of her victory, talks simultaneously of her destructive sword, the freedom of the seas, and her national future. This sort of peace talk is not dangerous in the least. Germany's peace talk will be far more dangerous for the Allies when Germany is losing than it is now, when Germany is in the ascendant. When Germany begins to lose, her diplomatists will become very specious and, to certain minds, will appear to be very reasonable. The resources of German craft and diplomacy are by no means exhausted. It is time to beware of the habit that is growing among us of regarding Germany as invariably clumsy and stupid in her intrigue. German diplomacy is not perhaps as highly finished as the German organisation for war: but the German diplomatists are not wholly foolish. They have a very shrewd and exact knowledge of the more cynical and worldly motives which move individual nations; and, when their way to victory by force is definitely barred, we may expect them to apply this knowledge for all that it is worth.

All the worst German diplomatic mistakes have arisen from disregard of the quixotry and altruism of human nature. This disregard has at times led the German diplomatists to blunder very badly indeed; but it is nevertheless true that, up to a point, the German Government has shown itself to be a very efficient and acute negotiator. The German diplomat is by no means the crude simpleton of the caricatures. Take, for example, the position of Germany to-day with regard to the neutral Powers. Germany has invaded one neutral country and has done most grievous harm to another. Yet she has hitherto successfully avoided any quarrel with neutrals as neutrals. With a weak, at times with an almost impossible, case, German diplomatists have somehow for twelve months brazened their way out of some very difficult positions.

We may be sure that, when Germany knows her mind and gives her mind to any particular problem it is not advisable in her enemies to be too contemptuous. Hitherto her peace talk has been negligible. Germany's present business is war, and her talk of peace is just an idle flicking of dust into the eyes of gossips. But it will not end there. To-day we can afford to deride it; but we must be prepared to meet it more seriously when Germany seriously bids for intervention, or angles for the international pacifists, for those who are selfishly tired of war, for all who may be tempted to forgo the ultimate and decisive triumph of the Allied cause. That sort of peace talk will have to be sternly and systematically encountered.

Always the most attractive and national thing about the bravery of our British soldiers is the absence from it of pose or consciousness of any kind. A correspondent writes this week from the Front:

"There was a boy with us, a short, ruddy,

smiling officer lad, with merry grey eyes. He seemed quite out of place there. He was altogether too cherubic, innocent, and happy. He glanced up smiling at the passing shells exactly as if he had never heard them before, and did not know what they were. Even his tunic was not exactly the regulation pattern, as though he were unaware even of the necessity to be dressed like other officers. I thought he was a new arrival who would learn much more presently.

"Later I was told, as a huge joke, that that boy was once lighting his cigarette when a bullet swept the match out of his fingers. His cap had been blown off five times by explosions. His tunic was what it was because it was a make-shift. His old one had been torn off his back by machine-gun and rifle fire. He had dragged, that lad, a heavy box of bombs over the corpses in a trench, a target for every explosive abomination the Germans could shower around him and his men. His men were all killed, but he got through with the bombs and saved a position. In fact, he was Lieutenant Smyth, and he had just got his V.C."

This letter recalls many true anecdotes of the war in Flanders. More particularly it recalls those two fine and personal documents of the war which we have lately been reading in "Blackwood's Magazine": "The First Hundred Thousand" and "The Adventures of a Despatch Rider". The British soldier does not speak much of honour. He smothers his achievements under an affectation of humorous insensitiveness. One would assume that for him war was a superior sort of skylarking, and that a V.C. was a species of challenge cup. Contemplating the possibility of a gallant death, he says to his friends that possibly he may be "pipped", or he makes arrangements with his family—"in case anything happens to me, you know". These are the simple phases which have made more poignant the memory of many a splendid death in Flanders and the Dardanelles.

Everyone in the country is this week-end being compelled to enter a National Register. This is the first time that compulsion of any sort has come the way of the elector since war broke out. With this in mind one should also note that the Register is popular—one of the most obviously popular things the new Government has done. The country likes the Register, and is clearly bent upon turning it to some account. Men and women who put their names upon this national roll—many of whom are already working to the best of their knowledge in national ways—do not regard themselves as perfunctorily writing down their names as a mere ritual for the relief of their consciences. They believe that the Register means business. It is a step forward to a national ranking of the people.

As an appalling example of the liberties taken to-day with the English language, one may cite a question now put in banter to men of military age, in relation to the National Registration—"Have you been *pink-formed* yet?" The unfortunate English language seems likely to come out of the war a permanent cripple, wooden-legged, glass-eyed, and gassed for life.

The "Cologne Gazette" sometimes has striking articles and comments on the war, and its comment on Sunday on "the destroyed hopes" of the Quadruple Alliance through the fall of Warsaw is worth reading. The "Times" of Wednesday gave a synopsis of the article, which, after discussing the remote possibilities of England organising her forces ultimately by national service, concluded that, none the less, the world must now recognise that the Allies are strained to breaking point and the Götterdämmerung beginning. It is true that gods do appear to be falling in all directions—the

gods, idols and brazen images we have all set up to worship; but the "Cologne Gazette" writer surely must know his Wagner, and recall how the downfall, once started, became general: not one of them escaped.

The War Savings Parliamentary Committee is now getting seriously to work. With care and thrift, our national resources to-day ought to be strained less by the huge costs of war than was the minor wealth of 1800-1815 by the Napoleonic grapple. We note that Mr. Mallock has arrived at this opinion also. His figures are encouraging. In 1813 the total interest payable on the National Debt was £30,000,000, the debt itself being 940 millions, of which 600 millions was inherited from the eighteenth century. If the present war should be continued for another two years, the total debt, in Mr. Mallock's computation, would amount to about £3,200,000,000, and the total interest payable at home and abroad would be perhaps 130 millions. In the year 1812 the interest on the debt was about £1 15s. per head of the population, out of a total average income of £22. The average interest per head two years hence would be about £3 per head, out of an average income of £48.

Facts and calculations lead Mr. Mallock to believe that if the entire cost of this war were paid for out of income, the country would be left, so far as its expenditure on necessities and luxuries were concerned, in exactly the position which it occupied in a time of peace, shortly after the death of Lord Beaconsfield. If the Napoleonic war and its expenses had been compressed into three years, its annual cost would have been 180 millions; and if this sum had been raised by direct taxation and home savings, the private income per head would have been reduced to £12 10s. A similar method of financing the present war would reduce the private income per head from £50 to £28.

Prof. Sir W. Ostler, writing in the current "Quarterly Review", says much about wounds and disease that will bring relief to the country. It is a comfort to know, for example, that the scourge of tetanus, which in the early days of the war was very distressing, has been checked by the use of a protective inoculation at the first dressing station. The tetanus bacillus abounds in very highly-cultivated soil. Enteric, also, thanks to Sir Almroth Wright and his followers, has been held wonderfully in check by immunative inoculations. Unfortunately, many of the cases have been caused by the paratyphoid germ, an allied organism, against which inoculation with the cultures of the ordinary germ does not protect; but measures are being taken to combine and standardise the procedure. Official figures to 22 May 1915 are: 1,006 cases, 61·5 per cent. of which occurred among the 10 per cent. of men who have declined to be inoculated. The analysis of the cases is not yet complete; but amongst 508 uninoculated cases there were 106 deaths, a case mortality of 20·86; amongst 155 inoculated *twice* there were 11 deaths, a case mortality of 7·09; and amongst 164 cases inoculated *once* there were 11 deaths, a case mortality of 6·70.

The purchase of "Le Premier Matin," by M. Rombaux, for the Tate Gallery rejoices one for more than pure reasons of art. It shows a generous appreciation of a work of genius by our Academicians—the more generous as it was a work which only too obviously dwarfed all others at the last exhibition of the Royal Academy. The visitor who might have had a chastened admiration to spare, say, for Mr. Toft's "Bather" could only be sensible of the gulf between genius and careful accomplishment after seeing the noble work of M. Rombaux. That the British Academicians and connoisseurs should have bought this work, and, what is more, should have consigned it to a place where it will still further emphasize our national poverty, is an act of self-effacing generosity. The nation is indeed fortunate to get this splendid treasure for the small sum of £800.



## LEADING ARTICLES.

## BEGINNING TO ORGANISE.

THE country is coming to attention this week, and the first steps are being now taken towards an efficient organising. The experiment may be divided into two parts. One part will be of singular interest to the social historian of the future, and will supply him with an abundance of the original sources of history from which to build up his works. He will be able to glean from this field more information, authentic information, detailed and curious, for example, about the occupations and the ambitions and the patriotic fervour of the women of this country, and about those of the middle-aged and elderly men, than has ever been open to the picturesque and social historian. Macaulay is allowed, even by hard critics, to be excellent on this social side of England in the days of the later Stuarts; but how much easier and more authoritative might Macaulay's work have been had he drawn from a national register of those days at all comparable with the document now being made ready!

The other side of the undertaking should prove of vital moment. It is, surely, the practical, the nothing but practical, side of the whole business. Men of, say, over sixty, and women—why make a pretence about it?—these are not going to break the iron power of Germany to-day. They can help in some degree to make munitions—granted. They can keep the homes going, and steady and encourage in a thousand ways the forces of the Crown—granted. The work, the home and the nursing work, of women all over the land is noble in its sphere and indispensable. But the sphere is not the brutal and brazen one of the field where death is dealt out and the factory where it is prepared. The part of the national registration which directly relates to that sphere is concerned really and solely with the men between the ages of nineteen and forty. We start with a registration of them, thorough and scientific: we shall pass on—unless we leave our work half done, a botched thing—to organisation thorough and scientific.

Why is it necessary that, in order to come through the struggle at all successfully, we should have this organisation? It is over this simple query that so many people go entirely wrong, not only people who are utterly opposed to such an organising—which they term conscription—but also people who are wholly in favour of such an organising.

"Conscriptionists" and "anti-conscriptionists"—both alike go all astray when they assume that to organise the nation severely and scientifically to-day against the enemy means to strip trade and industry of all the fit men of serviceable age and rush them, after training, into the firing-line. A severe and scientific organising by law against the enemy means nothing of the kind; and we do not hesitate to say that if conscription or compulsion or obligation or national service, or whatever it is styled, did imply such a step, then it would be a stark mad policy for the British Empire. It would be indeed the *desperate*—the hopeless—throw of a gambler. It would be the abandonment of our natural advantages, it would be the overlooking of our Fleet and our empire of the seas of the world. It might well lead to our utter undoing—if not immediately, at least in the near future; and it would be about the most short-sighted and most panic-stricken service we could possibly render our Allies—France, Russia, Belgium, and the others.

By such an extravagant step we should not necessarily drive the Germans from Belgium or the Turks from Gallipoli; and we should probably achieve very little except squandering away our capital of manhood.

To strip and damage the trade of the United Kingdom by such a step would be to throw away one of the most puissant weapons we have in our armoury to-day—a weapon as puissant in support of our Allies, France, Russia, Belgium, and the others, as it is puissant in support of our own Empire. The weapon

we mean is the wherewithal which this country is able to advance to Europe in its struggle against Germany—the "hard cash", the "silver bullets", the "stuff".

We entirely agree, and always have agreed, with Mr. Lloyd George when he points out, in effect, that if we simply took all our young and serviceable men from trade and industry, and poured them into Europe as an army on a Continental scale, we could not hope to continue our present policy of financing the Allies—could not pursue the William Pitt policy. What Mr. Lloyd George said was, and is, perfectly sound and perfectly true.

Therefore no sober and thoughtful man can propose to strip industry and pack all our manhood off to Flanders, to the Dardanelles, and other parts of the world: the thing is a nightmare of super-patriots suffering from nervous dyspepsia; and we must say we think it a pity that members of Parliament and others—aroused rather late in the war to the undoubted need for severe and scientific organising—should to-day be announcing that we want at once "another million" or "another two million" men to fling into the firing line in order to save the situation. By their alarmed figures they are not advancing, they are retarding, the cause of national service.

We need a severe and scientific organising for quite other purposes than that of throwing all our manhood into the firing-line, or of emptying England of it in a panic. We need a scientific organising, for example (a) in order that we may sustain and secure that commerce thanks to which we are able to finance our Allies, and, perhaps, assist certain friendly neutrals; (b) in order that we may get munitions of war in a steady and abounding stream; (c) in order that we may see an end of the wretched and disheartening strikes and quarrels which imperil our cause and safety.

As to the first of these: (a) we shall know, when we have a scientific organisation, far more exactly than we know now, or have known from the start of the war, what trades can afford to send men to the field and what trades can least afford to do so; and given at length the law, we shall be able to select the men methodically, without damaging at random the commerce of the country. The sentimental Radicals and Socialists who harp excessively on the string "Voluntarism," and dread the idea of system and organisation—which they regard as akin with Prussian Militarism and Bernhardi—apparently have no care for the upkeep of the commerce of the country. But it is strange indeed when a paper like the "Economist", which surely should study trade, is found in the same galley! Organisation, national service, will fortify our commerce instead of stripping it.

Then as to (b) munitions of war: until we have our thorough and logical organisation, we shall never be able to count for sure on a continuous and increasing supply of these. The complete failure, lately, of the whole of one side of the Munitions Act is a stern reminder of this. It failed because it attempted to compel munitions before compelling men, to introduce "conscript" labour before introducing "conscripts"—a step fearfully and wonderfully impossible: a fantastic experiment surely. We must begin with "conscripts".

As to (c), strikes end when organisation steps in. That has been shown by France—shown in peace as well as in war. As to the story of "a strike at Krupps" lately, the whole thing was an obvious hoax, which, however, scarcely took in the most innocent people here. There was no strike. The strike idea must wilt away and perish on the application of national service or organisation in war time: it must wilt away and perish not only in the munition factories and coalfields, but in industry generally. When there is a law of military service, fair and impartial, at work it cannot seriously enter the mind of a bus driver, a tramway conductor, a plumber, or a painter to strike; the reason why it cannot enter his mind to



do so, during a great war, need not be entered into here. It can be discussed at another time, for it is interesting psychologically; but it is quite certain.

For these, among other very pressing purposes, the country needs national service against the enemy; and full well that enemy knows this, as he repeatedly shows by his uneasy comments in print to-day, and by his anxious protestations that we shall not, and cannot, so late in the day proceed to organise. But that remains to be proved: the National Registration Act, if it means anything, means the preliminary canter.

#### COTTON AS CONTRABAND.

**S**HOULD cotton be declared contraband of war? It is clear that a definite answer to this question cannot and will not be long postponed; and there are one or two reasons which suggest that a declaration of contraband should, and will, be made.

But first we would again most emphatically urge that no advice or suggestion, no pressure of any kind upon the Government, can in this very difficult matter be of any great service or importance. Experts in the manufacture of high explosive can, it is true, teach the public how vital a part cotton is playing in the war. Those who are intimately acquainted with the cotton industry can tell us quite definitely how this or that plan will affect consumers or producers of cotton. But the decision as to what plan is best for keeping cotton out of the hands of the enemy has to be left, when all is said, in the absolute discretion of the Government. It is not a question for the outside politician. It is not even a question for the skilled international lawyer or the sailor who executes the Government's policy. It is, first and last, a matter for those who are in close touch with all the interests involved, who are in a position to calculate what effect a given plan may have upon neutral Governments, who know exactly how the present system is working and can estimate quite coolly the likely results of a change. Cotton for the enemy is distinctly not a question for the plain man or even for the outside man with ideas. It must frankly be said at once that much of the talking and writing lately heard upon this question has been entirely in the dark. It may have hit accidentally upon some essential truths of the position. But it could hardly be taken word for word in the way of serious advice to the Government to do this or that simple and obvious thing. There is, in fact, no simple and obvious thing to be done. One dares now to think that to make cotton contraband of war is, on the whole, the best plan for the Government to adopt. But that is by no means a simple and obvious thing. It is an experiment full of possible traps and surprises. It will be no matter for exultation or excitement when the Government declares cotton to be contraband of war. It will, indeed, be rather a matter for sober reflection. It will imply that an experiment which the Government hoped would have better results than a mere declaration of contraband has partially or wholly failed.

Hitherto the Government has been trying to arrange with neutral importers of cotton a system whereby the cotton imported may not be passed forward to Germany. The idea has been to ensure that cotton shipped, say, to Holland shall remain in Holland. We described this plan in detail on 31 July. If it could have been made to succeed, it would obviously have been a better plan than a simple declaration of contraband. A declaration of contraband is a last, and possibly not by any means an effective, resort. It will, it is true, have the effect of arresting and confiscating all supplies sent direct to the enemy. But it will be powerless of itself to arrest supplies ostensibly going to neutral ports and to neutral customers. The problem of blunting the appetite of neutral customers for cotton—an appetite twenty to thirty times beyond the capacity of any *bonâ fide* neutral stomach—is still untouched.

What, then, is the advantage of declaring cotton to be contraband of war? One cannot seriously regard the power to confiscate as a very decisive advantage.

It punishes the smuggler, but our concern is not to punish the smuggler, but to discover him. So long as it is virtually impossible to distinguish between neutral trading in good faith and neutral trading with the enemy there will not be any smuggler to punish. We are simply arming the Navy with a new whip to scourge from the sea a culprit who cannot be found. It is of the essence of the problem that he cannot be found. If he could be found, the Order in Council would already have ended his career. Once again, then, what is the advantage? The advantage or disadvantage lies entirely in the relations now existing between the British Foreign Office and neutral traders. If already it is obvious that the Orders in Council are not leading to advantageous private arrangements whereby a working distinction can be made between cotton, say, for Holland and cotton for Germany, the case for these Orders virtually goes by the board. It then becomes a mere question as to whether the neutral Governments would prefer a rule-of-thumb application of the law of contraband to this other system under which we are not found to be getting any real advantage. On both these matters the Government alone has evidence to decide. We can only observe that neutral feeling seems more and more to desire the policy of contraband. The penalties are more severe for breaking the blockade; but they are known penalties, and they are sanctioned by known international arrangements.

The Government has to decide this in its own time and way. The point for the outside observer to realise very clearly is a point which most of the recent discussions on the subject have tended to obscure. To declare cotton contraband is not in any sense to end the cotton question. "Contraband" is not a word to conjure with. It will not necessarily conjure away the appetite for cotton of neutral customers. It will not conjure starvation into the German factories or conjure the war to an end in three months. The loose and hopeful presence of this word in the mouth of the plain man has led to a vague feeling that the key of the whole position lies in this single device. There was, for example, not a doubt of this among the simpler members of the large audience in the Queen's Hall on Wednesday. The general sense of that meeting—were not, of course, referring to the speakers—was, roughly, that the Government had a blunderbuss with which to brain the enemy, that for some perverse reason they refused to use it, and that if they would only do so the war would very shortly be finished. The word "contraband" was invariably greeted as a talisman. It seemed to be regarded as having the power to cry halt to whole convoys of ingeniously labelled cotton passing directly and unchallenged to the enemy.

It is to be hoped that the public will show rather more sense and knowledge of what this step implies when the decision of the Government is published. It can only in reason be regarded as a single and an uncertain step in the direction of greater stringency and of a more complete understanding with neutral friends. What other steps can be taken to reinforce it it is impossible to say. Something may yet come of the policy of rations of which Lord Robert Cecil spoke when last he addressed the House of Commons. Sir Charles Macara has told us this week that it is possible to calculate to a bale how much raw cotton the neutral factories can consume, and Sir William Ramsay has given some truly amazing figures as to Germany's requirements. Between the cotton which neutral countries can justly require and the cotton which Germany is ready to take at five or six times the neutral price there is a wide gap for arrangements which might at least very seriously pinch the enemy. But it is easy to see that the difficulties of rationing the neutral countries—it can of course only be done by friendly arrangement with the nations concerned—are enormous.

Of one thing we may be thoroughly assured. The British Government will act with strict regard to the rights and privileges of neutral countries. It will rightly refuse to embark upon those pleas of necessity

which took the German armies through Belgium into France and prompted the German Navy to make war upon neutral passengers and ships. We shall not damage or infringe the right of neutral traders to put freely to sea. We shall not enter upon hazardous and internationally questionable projects of cornering the cotton of the world. There is now no doubt at all that such a plan—a plan which would cost £300,000,000—would at this time be regarded by the non-belligerent countries as a breach of the right of neutral customers. The main truth is clear. This is a question for careful and tentative progress. "Heroic" measures cannot now be considered, for the simple and sufficient reason that the only really effective and practicable heroic measures we can think of are of the kind that our enemy has taught the world to abhor.

#### LORD HALDANE IN A NEW PART.

LORD HALDANE is protean; he eludes definition. Yet there are writers who try to find in him a unity that can be focused and appraised. His foes have no humour, for they want to kill him all in all, as if his profuse career were not like a small city; and his devotees have no humour, for they offer thanksgivings to all the many men in the census of his political character. It is enough for us to say that Lord Haldane, like every other versatile actor or dramatist, is great in parts and small in parts. Lawyers praise him as a great Lord Chancellor, and has he no right to be judged at his best? That he acted as a crowd of men during the pre-war times, speaking with a confused gift of tongues, is true enough; but many others were equally verbose and short-sighted. He was one of those who were not expected to lead, but to follow their constituencies and remain always in the rear. Lord Haldane, no doubt, made far too much of his knowledge of Germany, but German acts and aims contradicted his enthusiasm; the people had evidence enough for a correct verdict on current events, and they were the responsible jury. There was no need for them to be deceived by lawyers and barristers, who attended to their cases in a fashion notoriously human. Besides, at a time when votes win power, the incessant compromise between politicians and the electorate is certain to make many unwise bargains. Why should a man be willing to lose an election by telling a thousand unpopular truths? Let us be charitable and hope that a thorough change in the people's education will bring us very soon to a better political time.

On this very matter Lord Haldane has himself begun to write. He sees that nothing less than reflection in a democracy can get reflection from politicians, because those who delegate authority by voting cannot rise higher than their intelligence, nor can they accept views which offend their whims and prejudices. Lord Haldane believes that the training of children in schools is the most urgent necessity in political reform. If so, then our free schools need education, for their work during forty years has failed to produce a far-seeing electorate. In the "Teacher's World" for 5 August Lord Haldane writes on the work of reconstruction which will follow the war; a work of salvage to heal injuries done to the body politic, and to adjust the national life to new and untried conditions. "We shall be compelled to revise our estimates of the worth of many things to which we had become accustomed. Some of these will disappear for ever; others we must restore or renew, building slowly and laboriously the edifice of a better and healthier common life. This work of salvage . . . calls for arduous thought, a consideration of causes and their effects, and a close study of principles. In brief, it demands imperatively the service of minds trained in habits of reflection. The provision of such training is the supreme duty of our teachers."

But the trouble is that teachers in our free schools belong to a system which has not justified its enormous cost. How are they to rid themselves of their routine and its outlook? By what means can they refashion

their minds for the new age? It is easy for Lord Haldane to say that the term "education" is neither understood nor liked. "I am impressed", he says, "by the small extent to which people realise the importance of education as a factor in the nation's welfare. This attitude", he adds, "is not confined to any one class, and prevails among members of the House of Lords in common with every other section of the community".

But does Lord Haldane himself grip the problem really closely? He tells us that education must be removed from the realms of abstract considerations, and must be looked upon as a complex of problems, difficult, it may be, in themselves, but yet capable of being solved. "In their solution the teachers should play a chief part as advisers and helpers. It is for them to bring to the task their knowledge of the existing conditions, and to offer counsel as to practical methods of improvement." What does this mean, except that an old orchard, whose fruit has not been good, is to yield a new and better crop? How are the trees to be pruned? And who is to do the pruning?

Lord Haldane admits that "the war will impose severe restrictions on expenditure", but he is sure that "even within the limits of necessary frugality we can do much to establish a system of national education which will have beneficial results on the citizens of the future". Yet from his views on education he omits handicraft, an invaluable discipline. But some of his views are as good as they can be. For example:—

"In its essentials education is the process of moulding mind and body by means of intellectual and spiritual forces. The proper training of the body is no less important than the equipment of mental power, and there is an argument of Plato which is valid to-day—namely, that the physical health of children should be tended in order that they may be in better bodily condition to serve their good intelligence, and that they may not fail in their duty through bodily weakness, whether in war or in peace. It is because I am so profoundly convinced of the need for safeguarding the health of the young that I regret the refusal of Parliament to vote the sum of £25,000 for medical research. Rightly used, as it would have been, this small sum might have led to the saving of many lives and to the timely diagnosis and treatment of certain diseases which now bring death or disablement to thousands of our people."

All the medical men in the country will support Lord Haldane in this matter, because they know that teachers in our free schools are constantly hindered by the physical weakness of their pupils. For this reason every teacher should impress "upon the public the urgent need of a systematic care for the health of infants. This care should begin in the critical period before the birth of a child, taking the form of the proper treatment and instruction of mothers." Infants "should be surrounded by every possible safeguard of health, in order that we may wipe out the reproach of the appalling loss of life which is involved in the present death-rate among children of under 12 months. Could we but preserve these wasted young lives we might speedily repair, as far as numbers are concerned, the ravages of the war, and thus perform the first and most necessary work of salvage."

Here is a social policy that marks the beginning of a humane education; and if Lord Haldane will tour with it from town to town in order to make it as popular as it ought to have been long ago, he will do necessary work for the State far and away more important than that of Lord Chancellor, or than that of party statesmanship. Year after year the wastage of brain and muscle has been terrible. We need a Ministry of Public Health no less than a Ministry of Munitions.

#### THE SERVICE MEMBERS AND THE "TIMES".

THE best hours in the House of Commons and in the House of Lords during the past debates were the hours when some Service Member on leave



caught the Speaker's eye. The worst hours—in which the reality of the war appeared indeed remote!—were the hours when Parliament was without any wholesome and stimulating aid of the kind; and when the old, inglorious, and stereotyped Party wrangles and cries once again prevailed. We scarcely think that any one—except a few incorrigible partisans who have been performing in the worn grooves for a quarter of a century or so—would dispute this. Therefore we can welcome the fresh and interesting suggestions made in the "Times" first leading article of Thursday. It is suggested that when Parliament meets again the Service Members on both sides might very well return in many instances to their duties at the House of Commons. Of course, it is not suggested that all professional soldier politicians, including those at the Front in Flanders or at the Dardanelles, should return; they can only return in certain instances on short leave; but the bulk of the Service Members cannot be so described, and it is obvious that their views would be well worth having in regard to various war questions. Thus there is, of course, as the "Times" very well says, the question of National Service. We have heard the views of a certain number of politicians on active service, such as Captain Guest, Mr. Wedgwood, Mr. Amery, and—in the Upper House—Lord Stanhope and Lord Stalbridge. But there are many others whose voice and whose vote—if voting, ultimately, is necessary—would be most useful. Also there is the twin question of Munitions, on which they might give valuable advice. The gang of free lancing and partisan politicians, the minor "careerists", who became such a nuisance lately in the House of Commons, cannot be allowed to have things so much their own way in the future; and one manner of lessening or arresting their influence—which still lingers at some of the clubs and in the Press—is to bring back more Service Members. We therefore support strongly the admirable proposal of the "Times".

## THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (No. 54) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.  
I.

### THE EASTERN THEATRE—RETROSPECT.

A CHALLENGE to Russian arms made by Germany in 1909 and declined by the former tells a tale. The staggering blow dealt to the mighty Power of the North in the war of 1904-5, followed by a social upheaval such as had not been witnessed for years, were experiences that required a lifetime to forget. Russia had lost the best part of an army and her entire Navy in her long struggle; the bonds of government had been shaken to their foundations, and we can picture her as being in a situation somewhat similar to that of France in 1871, torn and bleeding. Russia is essentially a slow mover, and is shackled in her movements by the huge size of the empire and by the coils of old customs. Only by means of a thorough system of reform, military, political, and domestic, could Russia hope in 1905 to retrieve her position as a factor in politics and resume her position as a Great Power of Europe. A military system stricken by failure in war is not resuscitated in a day. What might take one nation like the French five years to restore to efficiency would occupy Russia double that period; and the hand of the reformer would find in his first task a heavy obstacle. What Bismarck attempted against France in 1875, four years after the *débâcle* in 1871, is what the German Chancellor attempted against Russia four years after her appalling trials in the Far East. It takes two to make a fight, and Russia in 1909 wisely declined combat. She knew herself to be hopelessly unready, but the challenge might have served as a premonition of what to expect when opportunity served her neighbour and bully. The lessons of the Balkan Wars of 1912-13 were not lost upon the War Cabinets of the Continental Powers. Germany set the pace by adding large increases to the peace cadres of her army,

besides creating many new army formations. Her neighbours, Russia and France, were less active. The self-restricted population of France imposed the necessity of substituting by law a three years' system of Colour service in place of one of two years' duration, in order to allow efficiency to replace deficiency in numbers. New law is a slow recruiter in times of peace, and in this instance was perilously dilatory.

Surprise in war is the deadliest of all foes. The secret in store for the prospective enemies of Germany was well kept. In the race for armaments it was Germany first and the rest nowhere. Her conception of modern war was based on harnessing science to the old-time methods of physical force, the two being employed in an unsparing manner.

The well-engineered detonator that was to fire the explosion took the form of murder, and it is in that guise that war has stalked the modern battlefield wherever German feet have trod. The assassination at Sarajevo was part of a wide and deep-seated plot, and gave the tone to the campaign of "frightfulness" which has given a shock to the Christian world from which it will never recover.

On 1 August 1914 war was declared upon Russia by Germany. The War Staff in Berlin had long contemplated a struggle upon two fronts, and, cognisant of the lengthy procedure of mobilisation of the Russian forces, had devised a scheme of operations by which—while overpowering force was to bring France to her knees in the West in the course of a few weeks—a small containing force was to hold Russia to her own frontiers until the victorious armies from the West could return to deal with the East. The plan included a strong offensive by Austria-Hungary acting from the province of Galicia. The latter Power had also on its hands the task of reducing the kingdom of Serbia to submission. In the calculations made by the War Staffs of the Dual Alliance they forgot to include one important factor. Russia and Serbia were not strangers to the grim ordeal of war, and both countries were shortly to prove the value of such experience when put to the test, and opposed to novices at the practical branch of the art. The main armies of Austria-Hungary destined for immediate offensive deployed upon the front of northern Galicia, based upon the strategic centres at Lemberg, Przemyśl, and Cracow, in a direction facing to the north for a direct invasion of Poland; whilst from Cracow other forces worked upon the left bank of the Vistula and, by prolonging the line facing in a north-easterly direction, came into touch with the German line of strategic defence.

A more rapid mobilisation of the Russian armies than had been conceived by the War Staffs of the Dual Alliance found a few of the Russian armies in position to take the offensive about 13 August 1914. By 21 August the Russian forces in the north had pushed well into the Province of East Prussia and, after defeating the enemy at Gumbinnen, directed their march to the west towards the line of the lower Vistula and threatened Königsberg. By 26 August this forward movement had carried Russian arms almost to the confines of the Province of East Prussia, and found their armies disposed upon a broad front. The triumph was, however, short-lived. By 31 August von Hindenburg had collected and concentrated a strong force, and, falling upon General Samsonoff at Osterode, utterly defeated him with immense slaughter, the general himself being among the slain. Within fourteen days German successes had not only cleared East Prussia of her enemy, but the frontiers of Russia in that direction had passed to the German arms. The intelligent use of the defensive has enabled Germany to retain what she gained in the early days of the war by this hammer blow of von Hindenburg, and has afforded a base for the extremely vital strategic move now in operation in the northern sphere of the Eastern theatre.

Russian arms were destined to meet with better success where the struggle was confined to a duel with Austria-Hungary. On 2 September 1914, striking with great force upon the eastern or right flank of the



deployed line in Galicia, our Ally, after a seven days' battle at Lemberg, utterly defeated the Austrians. It is as well to steer clear of enumerating losses or gains or even numbers of troops employed in the Eastern theatre. All reports bear the tinge of inaccuracy, and success is better limited to defining the positions held by the respective opponents.

## II.

The threatened roll-up of the Austro-Hungarian armies consequent upon the defeat at Lemberg necessitated a change of front of their forces. By the end of September the province of Galicia, with the exception of the fortress of Przemyśl, was in a fair way towards being cleared of Austrian arms. Russia seemed well in her stride to a rapid victory in the southern area of the contest, and her cavalry were threatening Hungary. She had asserted her moral superiority in the field over Austrian troops, and could she but maintain it triumph was assured.

It was at this period that the Great General Staff in Berlin discerned that their calculations as to the power of the Russian arms had been upset. A powerful counter-offensive directed upon Warsaw, the heart of the Russian strategic system, could alone alleviate pressure upon their Austro-Hungarian Ally, who was gradually being overcome by force of arms. By the middle of October von Hindenburg was in a position to deal one of his hammer blows that he was destined ultimately to repeat more than once. Warsaw and Ivangorod and Sandomir received the full force of this onslaught, which after a week's desperate conflict was repulsed.

The failure of von Hindenburg's attempt was followed by a retirement of his army to refit preparatory to a second effort. The retrograde was followed by Russian forces almost up to the frontiers of Germany, and a slight gain was also made in East Prussia by our Ally.

The lesson of defeat was not lost upon the General Staff in Berlin. They quickly put their finger upon the weak spot in the armour of the Dual Alliance. Realising that the Austrian was no match for the Russian while left alone to conduct operations, they seized the opportunity to leaven the armies of the Alliance with a stiffening of fighting spirit. The Germans practically took over the Austro-Hungarian Army system. Replacing inefficient leaders with generals of their own choice, reconstituting armies by an intermingling of corps of diverse nationalities and by creating new formations, an entirely new complexion was put upon the military situation in the East. By 21 November von Mackensen was thundering at the gates of Warsaw from the south-west. A fierce battle raged around Lodz between the Vistula and the Warta, and the issue for many days hung in the balance. The stubborn resistance of the Russians in well-prepared positions could not be overcome. By 27 November it was apparent that the German plan to break the Russian line on the left bank of the Vistula and to surround a part of the Russian Army had completely failed. Nothing daunted, von Mackensen proceeded to consolidate his positions and contemplate a trial from another point of attack.

In the interval operations of considerable importance were being carried out in Galicia. These were confined to attempts by Austro-German forces to relieve pressure on Cracow and Przemyśl, the latter fortress having been strongly invested without a serious attempt at siege operations. The latter part of the month of December found von Mackensen again wielding his hammer blows, this time on the narrow front between the rivers Bzura and Rawka. The attacks were repulsed with immense slaughter on both sides, and our Allies were content to maintain a strong defensive line. A third frontal attack against Warsaw in the month of February was timed to co-operate with a blow from East Prussia delivered early in February by von Hindenburg at the river Narew in the neighbourhood of Przasnysz. They were both unsuccessful, and the latter stroke ended in a marked victory for our Ally.

Events in the area of Galicia had moved with a measure of success. The fortress of Przemyśl fell on 23 March, and released large Russian forces for the offensive. It is from this moment that an error in strategic conception led to the *débâcle* which has overshadowed the fortunes of our Ally.

The lure of the Hungarian plains attracted the armies of the Russian commander to the passes of the Carpathians, and stubborn contests raged around them for many weeks during the months of March and April. This exactly suited the purpose designed by the Great General Staff in Berlin for the intended forthcoming blow. Von Mackensen's formidable phalanx was in process of formation at the convenient base at Cracow on the western flank of the Russian movement. A mass of heavy artillery and munitions formed part of the equipment of the force, and an army of bridge builders and railway corps stood in readiness for keeping the phalanx on its legs in its passage over many rivers eastwards. On 2 May the storm burst upon the Russian flank. The river Duna-jetz was forced, to be followed by the passage of the Wisloka, the Wistok, and eventually the San. Przemyśl was regained by 3 June, and the Russian direction of retreat gave the enemy the opportunity he wanted. The tactical error that guided the retirement to the east instead of to the north-east has cost our Ally heavily. Von Mackensen, quickly profiting by the error, swung his main strength into the weak front between the Vistula and the Bug. Favoured by a line of railway which could carry his battering-ram up to the northern frontiers of Galicia, he was able to continue his movements to the north, between the rivers Vistula and Bug, in co-operation with armies operating on the left or west bank of the former river. The line of advance of this army thus resumed precisely the same direction as that given to the armies of Austria-Hungary in the initial stages of the campaign, but with the difference that a strong army was detailed to guard the right flank along the courses of the Upper Bug and the Zloda Lipa.

The tense hold of the German line of defence across the frontiers of East Prussia formed part of the strategic problem set by the Great General Staff in Berlin. The whole has been a masterpiece of staff work, unequalled in boldness, in the colossal nature of the undertaking, and in the marvellous synchronisation of the movements of armies in their millions. The reward has been the gradual squeezing of the heart from which has hitherto sprung all the channels of the Russian struggle in the Polish area.

The fall of Warsaw has been foreseen for many weeks, and was evidenced from warnings in these pages in language that could have but one meaning. The methods of Germany by which she opened her successful début in the campaign in the West gave the key as to what form of action she purposed in order to win battles. We have yet to see where the full force of the blow will fall.

The War Cabinets of the Allies in the West cannot be held quite free from blame for the calamity that has befallen our Ally in the East. Co-ordinate strategy between the two theatres is denied if opportunity for sustained action is dependent upon a doubtful supply of the necessary munitions. The *débâcle* in the East is the outcome of ignoring a lesson taught to three Powers a year ago in the first week of this stupendous world struggle. We have to start afresh.

## MIDDLE ARTICLES.

### OPTIMISTS AND ASSES.

TWO favoured and, as flung about to-day, two foolish catchwords are "optimist" and "pessimist". Even those who most bandy them about may know, as a rule, that the one is a superlative meaning best and the other a superlative meaning worst; they do at least know a little more about the meaning of "optimists" than they know about the meaning of "idiots"; but their knowledge ends abruptly at best

and worst, and of the nice application, the intelligent use, of these terms they know, they care nothing. It only matters to them that, for purposes of a silly little schoolboy scoring off a more successful or a less successful rival in print, it is effective among fools to declare "I am an optimist"; and that, among the same class of hearers or readers, it is thought to be the mark of a patriot for Smith to accuse Jones of pessimism if Jones says that the Germans have had a marked success so far in their eastern campaign. Jones, however, for his part, is sometimes equally inane in criticising Smith, who holds that millions of Germans have now been killed off, that the copper has all been melted down, and that the occupation of Warsaw is the last desperate resort of the Kaiser—or, rather, of "the imperial gambler", to use an effective and stylish expression among liri-poops; for he derides Smith as an optimist—as if optimism signified a person who holds absurd or addle-headed opinions directly contrary to the clear truth.

Words of course grow, and words travel and often acquire, gradually, new and interesting shades of meaning; and it is only the pedant and the little grammarian who wishes to prevent their growing up and going out into the world; who wishes to forbid their natural evolution. Hence one would not shackle a word down to its bare, original meaning: for example, one would not thus shackle down the word idiot, for it is a most useful word, particularly when one wishes to express one's opinion of the people who are for ever bandying about their pessimists and optimists. The added senses, the refiner shades of meaning in words make indeed a delightful and informing study. So that we would not complain that optimist and pessimist are not shackled down to the plain meanings best and worst respectively. What we do complain about is that they are now being used chiefly by ignoramuses in a senseless, in a dull-witted, dunder-headed way. The word optimist, discreetly used, not jabbered inanely, carries a noble idea. Kingsley was the optimist. Huxley was the optimist. Browning, we think, can exactly be termed the optimist: the glorious spirit who wrote "Prospice", who with inspiration hot from the high Gods gave forth "O Lyric Love, half angel and half bird". Browning's whole vision of the world, if we have understood it at all rightly, was the vision of the optimist. We think—but are not sure of this—that Mr. Thomas Hardy has spoken of Browning's noble optimism in regard to life and the question of a hereafter, and expressed reverence and wonder over its sincerity. But, anyhow, optimism is not indiscreetly used of Browning; and one might not hesitate to use it of Meredith. There is a deal of optimism in Meredith, his poetry, his prose—we find it even in the close of Beauchamp and his folly. Hence we resent it being grossly and recklessly used to signify asses. Some people may object: "What does it matter how optimist and pessimist are used?—it is only a petty quibble about words". Those people are wrong. To misuse and bandy about carelessly words and phrases is to slip into the habit of confirmed falsehood: the distinction between truth and lies may easily be regarded at times as a mere quibble about words.

"Grammar" does not vastly matter. It does not matter whether a man says or writes "It is I" or "It is me"; and perhaps—though we are not quite so sure of this—whether Peter said "Lord, if it be Thee", or "Lord, if it be Thou"; and—to-day—we do not distress ourselves very much if a "reliable" does somehow find its way past the readers on to the machines. There are too many men being killed and wounded to-day for such tittlebats to count. Life really always was too short for such trash as that—though it was not long enough for Browning's grammarian, with his *ὄν* and *οὐκ ὄν*, who belonged, rightly viewed, to quite another order than the tittlebat teasers. But the seemly and discerning use, instead of the debased or drunken abuse, of words is a matter of real and grave importance in war at least as much as in peace. To-day the English language is assailed and dishonoured in a vile manner. Like the

word gentleman, it is "defamed by every charlatan and soiled with all ignoble use". It is become a strumpet of the streets. The Press Bureau wishes, we know, that the war should always be seen by the public in its correct perspective; and let the Press Bureau be honoured for that. We wish the Press Bureau could establish some kind of branch or special committee to attend to the abuse of King's English in regard to the war: the thing is little short of an offence against the Realm.

D.

## ECONOMY.—I. THE IMPORTANCE OF TRIFLES.

BY LADY FRAZER.

ECONOMY is a small but amiable virtue chiefly to be practised by or upon other people. In this country it is so far rare, but we must hope that the present ceaseless preaching on thrift all over the land—it is even hurled at the heads of the Scotch, in spite of all their old saws about saxepece—will have some slight effect, at least on the preachers themselves; and these are fortunately now so numerous that if they only practised their own precepts without making a single convert the saving to the national exchequer would be incalculable.

Economy is an art as well as a virtue, and, like other arts, it is not acquired in a day; even twelve months of war hardly suffice to inculcate it on the inhabitants of these fortunate islands. It is generally acknowledged that thrift is one of the many arts or virtues in which the French excel; and this admission is made the more readily by other nations because the French, like the Athenians of old, have the talent of making economy beautiful. Here in England, on the other hand, thrift and meanness are associated in the popular mind, and we must assume that this is a case of *vox populi vox Dei*. Ignorance and indolence are the root evils. The difference between the people of the two countries lies in their outlook on life; in England that outlook is still so artificial, while in France it is much more natural and simple. In France the inherent fear of other people's judgment is almost absent; everyone there thinks he may do what he likes with his own, and that it is nobody else's business whether he spends or saves. Not so in England. Here our mode of living must be in exact proportion to our rank in the social hierarchy, whether we are a dustman or a duke. Our house must be proportionate to our standing; our servants must be proportionate to the house; and our expenditure must be proportionate to the servants. This great law of nature is none the less rigid because it is unwritten or engraved only on the heart or embossed on the phylacteries of Mrs. Grundy. Some people think they live in a free country: nothing could be a greater delusion; we are hidebound by social conventions like flies in the meshes of a spider's web. We can only hope and pray that the war and the multitude of preachers, who thunder economy at us from every housetop, will work a wholesome revolution in our habits, and help us to see where we are mistaken and where we might with profit imitate our neighbours and Allies across the Channel.

Two points especially must be borne in mind: the need of attending to trifles and the need of co-operation. As to trifles, men will say that they fall within the province of women. They are right; for the household expenditure is made up for the most part of trifles, and it is in the hands of women, who should be educated from childhood in the art of regulating it wisely and economically. Thrift in every household means thrift in the whole nation. We have it from Cabinet Ministers that if every person in the country would only save a penny a day the nation would save some sixty-nine millions of pounds a year. Patriotism of itself, let alone self-interest, should therefore dictate economy to us all. But how are we to be economical? Well, we must begin by saving every superfluous penny, and if we do that, according to the old saying, the



pounds will take care of themselves. At the outset we must disregard the opinions of other people; people will always be saying something, so let them say it. Suffer Mrs. Boffin gladly when she says that your clothes are shabby; what does it matter to you? If you were fashionably dressed Mrs. B. would say that she wondered to see a person of your age or position or figure making herself so smart. Therefore do as you think best for your own comfort and for the interest of your family, and do not care a fig for Mrs. Boffin.

A far more formidable person than Mrs. Boffin is Jemima Jane, or Gwendoline, or whatever the name may be of the lady who condescends to relieve you of some part of the household drudgery. You may call her your servant, but she is really your mistress and you are her slave. To disregard her opinion is fortitude indeed, to rebel against it is heroism. In no country in the world are servants so despotic as in Great Britain, and as they are bred for the most part from a very ignorant class, being chiefly the daughters of farm labourers, their despotism is in direct proportion to their ignorance of life and to the lowness of their ideals, and it makes for waste and extravagance in everything. Their motto would seem to be "too much". Too much guzzling, too much swilling of tea, too much coal piled on the fire, too much blacking laid on the boots, too much soap dissolved in the water, too much gas flaring high, too much bread, too much milk, too much soda, too much firewood, too much of everything. They seem to take a positive pride and pleasure in wasting the substance of their masters; they apparently hold that the honour of their employer is measured by the length of his tradesmen's bills, and that any diminution in that respect would be a positive injury inflicted on his good name. To spare him that reproach they do all they possibly can to run up his accounts, and in these disinterested efforts they are stimulated and encouraged by the applause of the baker, the butcher, the milkman, and the other emissaries who go from door to door sowing the seeds of high living and low thinking in the receptive minds of cooks and housemaids and other denizens of the servants' hall.

If we examine ourselves candidly and ask why we put up with all this domestic tyranny, we must acknowledge that our submission to it springs mainly from our love of comfort and from our reluctance to sacrifice the least of the services to which we have been so long accustomed. The same motives lead us, half unconsciously perhaps, to pay an excessive respect to the opinion of our menials. In many households, for example, family prayers are said merely for the sake of the servants; it is easier to keep them if you observe that rite, which serves also as a roll-call. Again, dressing for dinner is kept up in many families to impress the servants! If you ask a maid why she left her last place, she will often tell you, "I could not stay where the mistress was not a lady; she did not change her dress for dinner, and she wore her bedroom slippers". In similar circumstances a French maid would only be pleased to think her mistress was warm and comfortable; not so the British Abigail, who is an inexorable tyrant.

If you wish to reduce the number of courses for dinner, you must arm yourself with as much courage as our heroes display in the trenches. The probability is that the cook will at once give notice. A correspondent wrote that in order to save for the War Loan he had to give cook as many evenings out a week as possible and to dine with his wife at a cheap restaurant instead of at home. What can be done? Boldly accept cook's notice. But what of the husband's convenience? what of all his habits? What will your friends say when they drop in unexpectedly and yet expect a dainty meal? Well, you must face the difficulties as bravely as you can. If your husband really cares for you, he will help you; if he does not, God help you.

## ARTISTS, ART AND INDUSTRIES.

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

NATIONAL peril, humiliation, disaster, were the natural setting for the masterpieces in painting and sculpture of the Renaissance. Some of Turner's most important work was done before Waterloo, in days when England's existence seemed as menaced as it seems to-day. I wonder whether people disapproved of Crome and Turner going about their business as painters; or was detachment easier in those times? We, being able coolly to study the Napoleonic wars down a long perspective, see them in something like relative proportion, and in normal times are more interested in the art of Girtin and Turner than in the military history of their day. Naturally, because wars, once they have ended, are spent; they can be gauged, analysed and comprehended. Great art, on the contrary, always bears seeds of new emotion; it is never comprehended fully because its essence is spiritual. Therefore, humanly speaking, it is permanently interesting and never superseded. But as regards our own war, we cannot see it in its relative proportion nor down the dispassionate perspective in which we view the struggles of Charles V. and François I. and the Napoleonic wars. Pardonably, perhaps, we cannot acquire that detachment which posterity will feel when it turns the pages of our history. But, if one may put in a plea for longer views, is it not thinkable that if perchance some great picture were painted this summer by any artist among us who is big enough to express some rare and noble thought that will inspire posterity, it would seem in the long run more living, more permanently interesting and more fruitful than the military history of our day? For there seems no reason to suppose that because this war is the war of our lives it will escape the ultimate fate of all other wars that are now dwarfed in long perspective, explained and balanced in histories, and superseded by more immediate happenings. Therefore I think that, instead of resenting the idea that certain of our mature artists escape into their own world, we might tolerantly let them go their ways, hoping that great emotions in which the world is travelling will find some great and permanent expression in their art. In the meantime there is room for level-headed foresight. Why should we not attempt at once to plan practically for the benefits that, as posterity is sure to see, this war will confer? I can imagine some such paragraph as this in a future history of British industries: "Towards the close of the nineteenth century, and to a certain extent at the beginning of the twentieth, the position of British design and industries was sufficiently curious. For on the one hand we see the English designers and craftsmen leading the world; on the other we see that the English manufacturers and the English patron class were incapable of appreciating either the commercial possibilities or the artistic supremacy put in their way by their fellow-countrymen. The German manufacturers, on the contrary, were so much alive to the advantages of English design that we are presented with the interesting spectacle of English ideas in design and crafts becoming organised (and Germanised) in Germany and then being successfully introduced in England, after general adoption on the Continent. The suicidal folly of the German Government in 1914 happily put an end to this amusing system of English muddle and commercial blindness. Seizing the chance given them by the Germans' astounding success in making themselves fundamentally abhorred (a miraculous chance, we may add, that the English manufacturers hardly deserved), the English began seriously to consider the improvement of their position."

The truth of the first part of this paragraph is undisputed; the newly proposed "Design and Industries Association", in which manufacturers, designers and distributors would work together to use the inestimable opportunity now vouchsafed, may be able to bring about what hitherto for one reason and another has completely failed. A healthy promise of the success of this Association is its apparent resolve to face facts.



The old Arts and Crafts movement, pleasant and engaging enough in theory, failed because it cherished impracticable ideas. Hating machinery, it preached ideal conditions when machinery should be no more and expensive hand-made goods should fill the place of inexpensive machine products. Newspaper type, they justly said, was horrible; let us revert to manuscript. Machined chairs and fire-irons are abominable; our only hope is to get back to eighteenth-century carpentry and metal-work. Of course this pure and shining ideal cannot work; machinery has to be faced as the inevitable and indispensable condition of modern life. The literature issued by this new Association recognises this and the corollary: "It would be the aim of the Association not merely to insist that machine work may be made beautiful by appropriate handling, but also to point out that many machine processes tend to certain qualities of their own, and that an intelligent study of these would yield finer results and . . . conduce to economy of production".

This is a great step. The next is to educate the manufacturers and middlemen, the shopkeepers, and the patron class. One of the chief difficulties is the utter ignorance and intellectual snobbery of some of the richer patrons. Supposing, for example, that a member of the landed gentry or nobility wished to furnish a house. Would he not scorn to buy new chairs designed by a living craftsman, firm in the belief that nothing later than Heppelwhite would possibly "do"? Absolutely incapable, as a rule, of recognising qualities of design and fitness, he would mechanically pooh-poooh all modern work and pick up his furniture at auctions, in Wardour Street, or from some copy factory off Bond Street. A series of country-house fires and a tax on all factory imitations would be the making of a great and living British industry.

Some admirable criticism is made in the literature I have alluded to, on the score of design and fitness: "Design is not some curious contortion of form or some superadded atrocity, but should rather be conceived of as the fitting of means to ends in the production of works". "Compare a modern electric pendant with its agony of contortion, many dust traps and little brittle leaves, with the perfection of simplicity of an old Dutch chandelier. In the latter the question of originality never got raised; it was made by a process of adaptation and improvement. . . . Design is an effort to arrive at what will be obviously fit and true. The best design is one which, cost apart, should become a commonplace; a fine piece of furniture or bookbinding should be shaped as inevitably as a fiddle." Apart from the "got raised", which is out of place in the text of one condemning slipshod craftsmanship, all this is sterling. The question is how best to educate the patron.

There are signs that the professional class is capable of seeing that excellent work is produced by living designers. There are also reasons for hoping that many manufacturers and some middlemen are keenly sympathetic with good modern designers. It is with them, probably, that the matter chiefly lies. For if a shopkeeper of high reputation has taste, and confidence in his taste, he can mould his customers' ideas of fashion. So that if the intelligent manufacturers and distributors could be convinced that commercial success is inherent in fine modern work, we might trust them gradually to support it. That there are shopmen in the West End with the shoddy taste of the Commercial Road is indisputable; but they are not necessarily permanent. They would fall into line with an established fashion and sound commercial proposition as docilely as the ignorant customer. The soundness of English design and craftsmanship, as a commercial asset, has been proved by German manufacturers: "It cannot be doubted that we might lead in the domestic arts. And this is shown by the great interest which foreign observers take in the English Arts and Crafts movement. The Germans indeed . . . realising its importance from an economic point of view, have gone so far as to constitute a special branch of political economy which shall deal with the subject. . . . In

Germany an immense success has been obtained in the production of efficient hotel furniture. . . . The ideas in many cases were borrowed from our own Arts and Crafts Exhibitions." As, I believe, has been the case in chemistry, English inventiveness has fattened German pockets, because the Germans had the sense and *fleur* to recognise what would succeed and the application required to "put it through". Our furniture designs, our printing and bookbinding, our pattern designing for textiles and wall-papers, have greatly influenced foreign designers and in many cases have been frankly cribbed in Germany and sold back to us. "Nearly all that was wanted was confidence in our powers, faith in our own wares, and the ambition to make as attractive as may be even the cheapest class of goods." Enamoured of their fine hand-made ideal, our enthusiastic Arts and Craftsmen produced for a small number of connoisseurs the type of work that the large manufacturers ought to have jumped at and adapted "to the larger world of machine industry". Blind to their opportunity, they let it slide into the smart, efficient hands of German competitors. The chance that they now have of repairing their past blunder is as phenomenal as undeserved. Only a deal of management and masterly organisation will screw them up to taking it. But if they let it go again, the fact that they will deserve the utmost calamity would be but a puny consolation for the loss of an enormous industrial opportunity that can never, surely, come again.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

"IF GERMANY WINS!"—I.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—You have told your readers many times that it is not at all easy, humanly speaking, to wind an Englishman up to the level of tragedy. It is wicked "pessimists" who try to think in civilian England. But, since Warsaw fell, there has been a dim change in the people's mood. Warsaw and the coal strike were out of tune with optimistic visions; they put into italics the horror that tragic events collect as they grow towards their climax. Not even a British optimist can be quite loyal to his creed when the thirteenth month of war is heralded by ill omens. This explains why a great many persons now trifle with a mood of speculative half-thought. They say to one another: "What's going to happen next? In the long run, no doubt, we shall get in a smashing blow. Oh, yes, of course! But Lloyd George . . . he's got the hump . . . and says deuced unpleasant things. Trade unions, you know, and twaddle about danger. Eh? It's a rum thought . . . but . . . If Germany wins! What then?"

This talk is common everywhere: and it has a queer undertone of sportsmanship, as if Germany were a possible winner of next year's Derby. It means that English people have no guess what defeat means to a proud nation. For centuries they have fribbled periodically with war, yet they have fudged home to victory. Providence has been their friend. But a long run of providential fortune has confirmed the British character in four very grave defects: its insular vanity, its habit of mistaking licence for liberty, its profound dislike of unpleasant facts, and a profound distrust of forethought. Its delight in freedom has been like an ill-broken colt overfed on corn. What the British character has needed for many a year is intelligent discipline, because freedom in an island, unless qualified by discipline, has always become a slavery to egotism. It develops the excessive pride that we find in all little sects and coteries.

When to freedom in an island we add wonderful success, accompanied by a flood tide of high profits and a roaring trade, then, Sir, we get material enough for a national disaster. Dangers are far off, and prosperity is always a fool. Even after a year's war British civilians are fond of sentimental illusions, and not one in a hundred is able to see with his mind's

eye what a German victory would mean to his own country. Book after book on the war tells us that we must not be directly, passionately, fiercely human. Our emotions ought to be neutralised, despite the crimes which official Germany has committed! Yes, we stay-at-homes are to be the valetudinarians of an immense crusade, unlike our troops, who are transformed into another race by discipline and self-denial.

Then there is a piety which declares that the Allies *must* win because their aims are righteous. Yet the unoffending neutrality of Belgium did not save her from massacre. In a few days she became the Jeanne d'Arc of little inspired nations. It is not enough to be brave and just and good, as the pious ought to have learnt long ago from the roll-call of humble martyrs, as well as from the Passion and the Crucifixion. Virtue needs what vice plans to get, efficient defence; and if our statesmen had talked a great deal less about their just cause, which was plain to everyone, and a great deal more about the scaring evils of defeat, our civilian population would have got from the last twelve months a penetrating forethought wise with a necessary dread.

The most important need in a time of peril is the mind and attitude, not of the ordinary man, but of those who should be extraordinary. "The decisive sign of the elevation of a nation's life is to be sought among those who lead, or ought to lead. The test of the health of a people is to be found in the utterances of those who are its spokesmen, and in the action of those whom it accepts or chooses to be its chiefs. We have to look to the magnitude of the issues and the height of the interests which engage its foremost spirits. What are the best men in the country striving for? And is the struggle pursued intrepidly and with a sense of its size and amplitude, or with creeping foot and blinking eye? The answer to these questions is the answer to the other question, whether the best men in the country are small or great. It is a commonplace that the manner of doing things is often as important as the things done. And it has been pointed out more than once that England's most creditable national action constantly shows itself so poor and mean in expression that the rest of Europe can discern in it nothing but craft and sinister interest. . . ."

It is the quality of grandeur—and what is grandeur but nobility of scheme and conception and expression?—that England has shunned in her more recent crises. Is she afraid to reveal before the sun and the moon and stars a lofty sense of personal worth? "That the lion should love to masquerade in the ass's skin is not modesty and reserve, but imbecility and degradation. And that England should wrap herself in the robe of small causes and mean reasons is the more deplorable because there is no nation in the world the substantial elements of whose power are so majestic and imperial as our own". Much worse than a robe of small causes and mean motives is England's want of dignity, and often of self-respect, when, hurriedly clad in the garments of a noble and imperative cause, she shows herself to the world as a muddled modification of her ordinary self, and not as a reigning Queen uplifted and transformed by tremendous aims and needs far remote from her ordinary whims, customs and prejudices. For a whole year, instead of taking her true rank with emulative self-denial among her Allies, she has done all in her power to burlesque her truth and justice; coquetting with selfish egotisms, trifling with disloyal strikes, permitting trade unions to limit the supply of essential work, and foisting upon young men the idea that they would flatter their native land if they fought to save her life. All day long, and month after month, our national want of dutiful self-respect has cajoled and shrieked for the means by which an inescapable war of honour may be won at last. Historians, twenty years hence, when they read our posters, speeches, advertisements, and seditious pamphlets, will feel a nausea of bewilderment. And they will see that every weakness during the first year of war imperilled later events only because the safety given to the people by

a perfect Navy confirmed public opinion in its unimaginative habits, its insular pride and prejudice.

There has not been fear enough among British civilians to generate the most essential factor in a war-partnership—namely, kinship of personal feeling among all the Allies. Our civilian population has been a sheltered islander far off from the sufferings of the Continent. Yet there has been hidden from it many a painful fact; and, when praising in a spate of words our superb Navy, statesmen have forgotten the perils of an island security which dulls the imagination and flatters the vanity of egoists. When a Welsh miner says that Kaiser would be no worse for him than King; or, again, when a pacifist plays the fool with his old illusions, we know that he, a pensioner of the Navy, has betrayed his protector, not through malice, not with a deliberate intention to do wrong, but because no personal fear has educated his imagination. He is a spectator of the war, not an actor in its discipline and self-denial. Elsewhere, as in France, the equities of sacrifice weigh with equal pressure on all minds and on all hearts. The word "France" to a Frenchman is not merely a word: it is the name of a stricken mother whose age is more than a thousand years, and whose present wounds bleed continuously. So his love for her has in it the sanctity of a burnt offering. He dies for her with filial passion. No doubt it is difficult for a colonising race to be moved by this rapt patriotism, for a colonising race belongs as much to the world as to its own radial centre. But this fact proves how essential it is now to wind our civilians up to the level of efficient self-sacrifice.

In another letter, Sir, I should like to show, as well as I can, what defeat would mean to us. By foreseeing the worst results of a prolonged war, the public will learn not only to free its mind from insular egotism, but to share with France and Russia the honour of turning citizenship into a crusade. As far back as 1909, you will remember, Sir Edward Grey warned the House of Commons and the Little Navy men that insular habits of mind should be chastened with anxious forethought, else our country might sink to be "The Conscript Appanage" of some foreign Power.

PRIDWIN.

#### COTTON FOR THE ENEMY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I have read with interest the discussions in the SATURDAY REVIEW and elsewhere on this most important subject, and in particular the common-sense letter from Mrs. F. Humphreys which appeared in your last issue. I for one should like to see Mrs. Humphreys's suggestion adopted; but there seems to lie in the way of it an objection the existence of which appears to be appreciated neither by the general public nor yet by the bulk of leader-writers. Like Mrs. Humphreys, I am no business man—neither am I a professional lawyer; but more years ago than I care to think of I took my degree in jurisprudence, and since then I have occupied positions, editorial and other, which have compelled me to devote some amount of attention to the legal side of things. I speak, therefore, though absolutely without authority, yet not absolutely without knowledge.

I have always understood it to be a recognised and well-established doctrine of International Law that, subject only to control by their own domestic laws, the citizens of a neutral State are entitled without let or hindrance on the part of any belligerent to import by sea into the said neutral State anything they wish, including conditional contraband and even absolute contraband, and then, if they are so minded, to sell to the enemy whatever they may have imported and to deliver it by land to the enemy in his own country. This right of neutral citizens is obviously a right of great pecuniary value, and until the outbreak of this war I never heard of its validity being called in question.

The right, as I have set it down, is not interfered with by the doctrine of "Continuous Voyage". That

\* Lord Morley's "Compromise", pp. 9-10.



doctrine does not prevent a neutral citizen from doing what I have described above. It does prevent him from acting in his neutral country as an agent or factor, open or concealed, of the enemy and so getting delivery of goods at a neutral port and then transmitting them on to his enemy principal. If he attempt to act in that way, the "voyage"—i.e., the journey—of the goods is deemed to be "continuous", and they are liable to lawful capture at sea exactly as if they were consigned direct to an enemy destination.

International Law draws all the distinction in the world between, on the one hand, the purchase and importation of goods by a Dutch or Danish merchant at Amsterdam or Copenhagen, who bona fide buys the goods on his own account but hopes and intends to sell them to Berlin, and, on the other hand, the purchase and importation of goods by a Dutch or Danish merchant in the same towns who purchases and imports them, not on his own account, but as an agent, whether secret or avowed, of the enemy.

It is, I imagine, undeniable that, although much of the cotton which now finds its way into Germany through Holland and Denmark may possibly be brought into Holland and Denmark by agents of Germany or of Germans, a vast proportion nevertheless is bona fide bought and imported into those countries by Dutch and Danish principals, however much those principals may have the hope and intention of selling the cotton to the enemy. When this is the case, England has no right whatever, under recognised International Law, to stop such cotton on the high seas. The doctrine of "Continuous Voyage" is a definite doctrine, and not a juggle of words to enable us to do anything we like.

In the past we English have been the warmest advocates of the rights and privileges of neutrals; but now it is manifestly of the first importance to us that cotton should not—however bought and by whom—be allowed to reach Germany by way of Holland or Denmark. I have said that I should like to see Mrs. Humphreys's proposal adopted—i.e., a proposal to restrict the importation of cotton into neutral countries to an amount not in excess of the domestic requirements of those countries themselves. Can this object be attained without throwing over International Law?

I think so; but the only way of so attaining it is a way that involves very serious action. In the old days (not so old, however, as many people imagine) the narrow seas around these islands were claimed by us as British territorial waters, and the claim was repeatedly, though reluctantly, allowed by rival nations. Never, so far as I know, has that claim been legally abandoned, although, like so many other of our ancient rights, it has been allowed by the pusillanimity or the suicidal pacificism of several generations to fall into something approaching oblivion. Yet, until it is revived, England will never be mistress in her own home; not only one's house, but the garden also in which it stands, ought, unless there are plenty of police about, to be one's own property; and in international matters we English are of necessity our own police.

With the narrow seas once more claimed, and effectively claimed, by us as the territorial appanage of England we could, without derogating from International Law, deal with cotton—or anything else—outside the ports of Holland or outside the entrance to the Baltic in accordance with the domestic laws of the United Kingdom. We could frame those laws to suit our own convenience; but the fact that we are English affords a solid guarantee that we should frame them in a spirit of equity, and that we should make no tyrannous use of our strength.

Such action on our part would unquestionably curtail the rights which, under International Law, Holland and Denmark at present enjoy; but in the actual state of things the continued existence of those rights, uncurtailed, is an absurdity and an outrage. I simply propose the curtailing of them in a legal, not in an illegal, manner.

Your obedient servant,

QUATUOR MARIA.

## NATIONAL PATRIOTIC ORGANISATIONS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

9 August 1915.

SIR,—In the name of the Central Committee for National Patriotic Organisations, I wish to thank the statesmen, the public, and the Press, to whose support we owe the great and successful meetings at the Guildhall on 19 May, where the Prime Minister led the first Imperial meeting held in this country, and at the London Opera House on the immortal anniversary of 4 August, where London, the Empire, and the Navy spoke together in the visual embodiment of Lord Crewe, Sir Robert Borden, and Mr. Arthur Balfour. On the latter day many thousand meetings passed the identical resolution which was approved by the Prime Minister more than two months ago. We hear by cablegram and telegram that this resolution was submitted and passed with enthusiasm, not only in the great self-governing Dominions, but in places so variously remote as Paris, Petrograd, India, Jamaica, Vancouver, Tasmania, the Fiji Islands, Wei-hai-Wei, Newfoundland, Seychelles, Sierra Leone, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Blantyre, Nyassaland, Gibraltar, Cape Town, Johannesburg, Sydney, Penang, Montreal, Mombasa, Nukuolofa, Barbados, the Windward Islands, and further telegrams are constantly arriving. In the United Kingdom, and Ireland, as far as can be judged at present, meetings have been held and the resolution passed in many thousand places.

The Central Committee venture to hope that this demonstration may have been of national, Imperial, and international value which may have an influence upon the course of the war. All these meetings, including those at the Guildhall and the Opera House, have been absolutely free to the public, but some very heavy expenses of organisation and equipment have been met by the Central Committee, which, for all its work, depends solely upon voluntary subscriptions.

The Committee has much other work in hand of a patriotic and economic nature, an account of which will be shortly published in a full report of its proceedings since the beginning of the war. But the Committee is plainly and urgently in need of further funds to continue its work. Any subscriptions—and it would be idle to limit the size of the subscriptions desired—should be sent to the Treasurer at 62, Charing Cross, S.W.

Yours faithfully,

HENRY CUST,  
Chairman.

## LORD HALDANE'S APOLOGY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

14 July 1915.

SIR,—In your recent issue Mr. Lovell makes some remarks on this. I would wish to put the facts rather more cogently:

In 1908 the Army Council became so convinced of the German menace to Belgium that Lord Roberts resigned office, in order that he might freely acquaint the nation of its peril. Lord Haldane stayed in office and let some 80,000 men pose as adequate, with local unrelated forces, against the German millions.

In 1910 Germany extended its menace to colonies, at the expense of French and British interests.

In 1912 Germany imposed an enormous capital War Tax. And the great camp near the Belgian frontier, with its miles of military railway platforms, became ever greater. Lord Haldane's journey to Berlin only brought out the unlimited extent of Germany's intentions.

In 1913-14 the German Emperor threatened the Belgian King with his overwhelming strength, and the preparations were so evident that military experts read nothing but an intention to proceed. The French Government was warned by its Berlin Ambassador, and Lord Haldane presumably also had warnings.

In 1914 Germany was ready, and found, or made, a pretext for war.

Lord Haldane admits that he knew of German intentions, but says that for us to have provided an army adequate to defend our honour and safety would have provoked Ger-



many. Such a counsel of fear may have been enough for Lord Haldane, but what reason had he to suppose that the nation would be so pusillanimous?

At least, if he feared to act, why did he not warn the nation? He is aware how the law regards a trustee who knowingly lets his trust go to ruin, while assuring his ward of safety. How infinitely greater is malfeasance of trust to an empire?

It is clear that if Lord Haldane had responded to the calls, 1908-1913, for a national army Germany would not have plunged the world into war. She was out for the relatively safe plunder of the French Colonies; she did not want war with England. She read the continued neglect to meet her menaces as an indication of English abandonment of Belgium; and Germany, acting on that indication, now cries out at English treachery. Lord Haldane's neglect of national service, 1908-1913, has, in fact, not only caused the war, but has also given the enemy a specious war cry.

It is equally clear that if Lord Haldane had stood for an adequate defence of the national honour and safety every Cabinet difficulty must have ultimately fallen—the alternative being an appeal to the country. But such honest action might have split his party: Lord Haldane preferred the reality of an undivided party before the future safety of the nation. Actually, he decided for a world-wide war rather than take a preventive though strenuous course.

And now he orates. Well, Lord Haldane is already judged by informed opinion, and the voice of history will not be dubious. Possibly party applause may soothe a politician's departure. But lectures upon the necessity of economy are not grateful when coming from a chief author of the necessity. And, amidst the untold deaths, distresses, and miseries of an empire, are the words of a man who largely caused those evils wanted?

SCOTUS.

#### MIGHT AND RIGHT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Savile Club.

SIR,—May I venture on a few criticisms (or extensions) of your leading article upon a subject I have several times endeavoured to discuss?

That mere weakness represents death, and its imposition therefore (by statesman or ordinary individual) suicide or murder, I suppose no one would dispute. But can any valid distinction be drawn between the different displays of strength or "might" (such as defence and aggression) *except* on account of their moral—one might even say, their historical—significance? Is "aggression" always wrong, and, if so, what is the moral position of the British Empire?

Surely there is something timid and delusive about this view of the matter. The exercise of might, your article urges, is always wrong "when it means harm". But what is "harm" in this conjunction? From the first moment when we assert ourselves—as a nation or as individuals—when we enter the world of competition, are we not exercising "might" with at least very various effects upon the careers of others? "Competition", I remember hearing a Toynbee Hall Socialist once protest, "was all very well, but not the competition that crushes others".

Unfortunately, it is impossible for anybody to do anything well without making life more difficult, at the moment, for those who do it (comparatively) badly; and what is this but to "harm" them—at least, in their opinion?

A part of your article might almost be a quotation from the "Statesman". You relegate to "the German school" (of immoral violence) "a vast limited company that devours all independent little trades in its neighbourhood".

This would condemn in one category all the most respected and beneficial commercial organisations which have made modern England possible. It could be asserted most literally of a great business (of immense public and world-wide utility) like Huntley and Palmers. "No one supposes", you say, that directors and their shareholders are "ungreedy", but custom regards their "might as right", and "Profit covers a multitude of sins". No doubt; but does anyone suppose, one may ask in reply, that

small business men are "ungreedy", or that *their* profit-getting is sinless? The distinction surely should be that the small trader's greed is commonly allied with incompetence, while the larger firms and companies succeed by serving the public better. But as to "custom" (in the form of general tolerance) sanctioning any amount of greed—in anybody—surely that is just what it does *not* do, the growth of public opinion and representative government tending ever more directly to check the *excesses* of those forces of private enterprise and competition which must yet remain the chief factors of national success.

To contrast might and right is, of course, to let one's reasoning be the slave of sound. Might precedes right as existence comes before civilisation and moral virtue.

The crime of the German (as of all brutalised characters) is that he recognises no wrong, but believes the might (or supremacy) of one to be the only law for all others. That can never be.

Yours, etc.,

G. H. POWELL.

P.S.—As a matter of fact, I believe the truth is that (as in the case mentioned and in the pottery districts) a large business usually (if indirectly) *promotes* the existence of a large number of "independent little trades" in its neighbourhood, probably more useful than those it sweeps away. But that is a detail.

#### THEATRICAL DRESS FOR WOMEN WAR-WORKERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Although almost every form of work undertaken by women to release the civilian male population is deserving of the heartiest public support, and reflects great credit upon the sex, there are certain sections of women's war-work—those affecting a semi-military character in their appearance—which seem to call for a word of warning.

With what are, no doubt, the chief objects of the promoters in giving this character to their organisations, acquirement of habits of discipline, creation of *esprit de corps*, etc., no reasonable person could possibly disagree—in time of peace! In time of war, however, the first desideratum is the emphasising, not the obliterating, of the line of demarcation between combatant and non-combatant; above all, the emphasising of the defencelessness of woman, and her unquestioned right to preferential treatment at the hands of an enemy.

We are engaged in a conflict in which, as a nation, we are marked out as the chief quarry of the enemy, could he but attain his objective. Decisive victory over the High Seas Fleet is our only absolute safeguard against his doing so, if only locally and temporarily. Surely, until this safeguard is secured, every form of make-believe capable of being turned by an unscrupulous foe to his own advantage should be at once abandoned!

Nothing is more certain than that these things would not be tolerated for a moment, if the nation thought there could be the remotest possibility of the enemy obtaining a footing on our shores. The inference is obvious—neither the organisers nor the members of the corps in question, any more than the public, believe that such a contingency could arise. In other words, their costume and form of discipline are essentially, though quite unintentionally, theatrical—harmlessly theatrical in time of peace, but not without their dangerous possibilities, in view of the character of the enemy, in time of war.

In venturing to advocate the immediate modification of these features, nothing is further from the mind of the writer than the relinquishing of either discipline or some distinctive costume. The essential point is that every section of war-work undertaken by women, or girls, should be based strictly upon civilian, not upon military, models.

No one who knows the extent and value of the purely civilian work which the members of these very corps are so cheerfully doing, in order to set men free for military duties, can seriously believe that a modification in costume, or in apparent status, will have power to quench the practical enthusiasm which they have hitherto displayed.

It is certainly difficult to imagine that the vast array of German women engaged in the various forms of war-work, of which Mrs. Pankhurst gave such interesting statistics the other day, will have made the wearing of a semi-military costume, or the classification of their members under military nomenclature, a condition of service.

Is it not, at least, equally incredible that our women are less patriotic at heart than the women of Germany? Such a question admits of only one answer.

Yours faithfully,  
"REALIST."

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Cape Town.

SIR,—This is the first Continental war we have been engaged in since the Crimea, when Florence Nightingale originated the grand work which will ever be associated with her name. Would it not, then, be a very fitting time for His Majesty to institute an Order called the "Nightingale Cross", as a reward for exceptional deeds of devotion or bravery performed by any nurse or anyone else connected with hospital work in sea or land warfare? No service can be imagined more glorious than that which thousands of our women are so gladly giving for the sake of saving the lives and alleviating the agony of our soldiers and sailors, and it seems only right that this war should be the occasion for thus commemorating till wars shall cease the name of one of the greatest benefactors in the world's history.

Yours faithfully,  
THEODORE B. BLATHWAYT.

THE PLEASURES OF LONDON.

16, Oppidans Road, Primrose Hill, N.W.

MONSIEUR LE RÉDACTEUR EN CHEF,—L'article de Mr. John Palmer sur la question des théâtres en Angleterre m'a suggéré quelques idées que je vous demande la permission d'exposer aux lecteurs de votre journal.

Mr. Palmer se plaint que le théâtre anglais semble ignorer complètement la partie décisive qui se joue aujourd'hui sur le continent. S'il est vrai que récemment quelques essais ont été faits de porter sur la scène des faits de guerre avec "Armageddon" et le "Meeting of the Kings" il est obligé d'avouer que ces essais ont été infructueux.

Pourquoi donc?

Est-ce que les habitués du théâtre sont tellement contraires à ce genre de pièce? Est-ce la faute à ceux à qui incombe la charge d'amuser le public, auteurs ou directeurs, d'avoir offert des pièces mal montées? Ecartons cette dernière hypothèse et essayons de trouver dans la première des raisons satisfaisantes à une pareille attitude.

Il est admis, et cela d'une manière indiscutable, que la littérature et le théâtre en particulier reflètent les mœurs et le caractère d'une nation.

Ne serait-ce donc plus vrai?

En comparant la production littéraire de la France et de l'Angleterre nous ne pouvons nous empêcher de constater la différence énorme qui les sépare. Mais avant de rien en conclure il est nécessaire de faire une distinction et d'étudier l'état d'esprit de ces deux pays.

Loin de moi la pensée de remonter au déluge. Qu'il me suffise de vous rappeler l'élan de patriotisme qui eut son point de départ après la fin de la guerre de 1871. Depuis cette époque-là, et grâce à l'animosité mal déguisée de l'empire voisin, les Français n'ont pas cessé d'avoir présent à l'esprit des pensées de légitime revanche. Pendant près de 50 ans tout leur a rappelé la dure leçon qu'ils ont reçue et comment ils devaient se préparer à en profiter. Ce qu'il y a de plus étrange chez un peuple dont les éclats de colère ont été fréquents dans l'histoire c'est que nul n'a fait de propagande officielle sur la reprise de l'Alsace-Lorraine et que malgré cela le feu sacré ne s'est jamais éteint. Partout on respirait le souffle ardent : à l'école où sur les cartes de France on voyait sur le coin à droite la place de l'Alsace-Lorraine marquée en violet; au Parlement où Gambetta,

pareil au Caton du Sénat Romain, s'écriait "Pensons-y toujours mais n'en parlons jamais"; dans les livres avec Paul Deroulède et ses "Chants du Soldat", Deroulède, fondateur de la Ligue des Patriotes dont l'emblème comprenait ces dates fatidiques 1870-18...; avec Zola et sa "Débâcle"; avec Margueritte et son "Désastre"; avec Bazin et "Les Oberlé"; avec Barres et "Sous l'Œil des Barbares"; avec Lavedan et Servir, etc... La liste serait trop longue s'il fallait tout citer.

Comme conséquence le patriotisme français explique ce double but, reprise de la terre dérobée et défense du territoire. Si aujourd'hui vous y ajoutez la nécessité de débarrasser à tout prix ce coin de la France que les pillards d'Outre-Rhin ont envahi vous comprendrez aisément à quel point sont remués les sentiments patriotiques de ce pays. Quoi d'étonnant alors à ce que dans le théâtre et la littérature résonnent d'un bout à l'autre des accents guerriers. Mais si maintenant nous regardons vers l'Angleterre quelle différence nous y trouvons! Pendant tout un siècle jamais aucune grande guerre n'est venue arrêter le flot incessant d'affaires innombrables, aucun orage n'a éclaté dans son ciel serein et sur ses horizons calmes et réparateurs. A l'abri de la paix et conscients de leur sécurité ses enfants ont entrepris l'édification du plus grand empire mondial après celui de Rome, presque sans bataille. Le bruit des armées qui de temps à autre s'est fait entendre n'a pas été assez fort pour interrompre le cours de sa prospérité.

Que l'on me dise s'il est possible qu'une telle nation puisse voir ces choses sous le même aspect que la France? Quel intérêt immédiat et matériel peut avoir pour elle l'issue d'une bataille? Tous les Français, quelque soit leur âge et leur condition savent exactement pour quoi l'on se bat, mais la masse des Anglais ne le sait pas. Pour cette masse, une guerre coloniale ou continentale c'est la même chose. C'est une affaire qui regarde les soldats seuls, pour elle, il ne saurait être question des destinées de l'empire.

La cause matérielle de cette état d'esprit c'est la position géographique de l'Angleterre. Cette position a permis à l'Angleterre d'entreprendre de grandes guerres contre de grandes nations, de subir quelquefois des échecs ou des défaites mais d'avoir toujours vu ses foyers à l'abri d'un coup de main. Depuis le temps de Harold, l'Angleterre n'a jamais été conquise, et la masse n'en voit point la possibilité.

Que viendriez-vous alors lui parler de guerre, lui montrer des tableaux de guerre? Son journal lui suffit, elle y trouve tout ce qu'il lui faut savoir.

Allez-vous en conclure que les Anglais manquent de patriotisme? Ils ont un patriotisme à eux comme les Français ont le leur. Il n'existe pas un type de patriotisme j'imagine.

Croyez-vous que les Anglais seraient indifférents à la disparition de l'Angleterre? Vous n'avez qu'à voir le sentiment du public quand une unité de la flotte est atteinte. Alors seulement la possibilité d'une descente se fait jouer dans l'esprit, et la nation tout entière serait debout demain si la flotte était détruite. Mais pour le moment, la sécurité aidant, les Anglais se demandent ce qu'ils ont à gagner, et à cette question nul ne peut répondre d'une manière satisfaisante. Car ce n'est pas ce qu'il y a à gagner qui est essentiel pour l'Angleterre mais ce qu'il y a à ne pas perdre.

Donc tout ceci bien considéré, il en résulte que la guerre est une question secondaire, et il est évident que la mentalité d'un peuple pas plus que d'une personne n'est affectée par une question secondaire.

Voilà pourquoi votre théâtre comme vos livres ne refléteront que de loin en loin les événements "continentaux" et que l'amateur de théâtre ira goûter paisiblement dans un confortable fauteuil le spectacle qui l'amusera et qui seul l'amusera.

A. PONTE.

FRENSSSEN'S "PETER MOOR".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

11 August 1915.

SIR,—In the review of the above-named book which appeared in last week's issue, it is spoken of as "the work

of a simple trooper". But to speak of Gustav Frenssen as "a simple trooper" is hardly accurate; he is really the most gifted and large-minded of living German novelists. In proof of this we need only turn to his *Jörn Uhl* and his *Hilligenlei*, excellent translations of which appeared in London some years since. Frenssen is really more of a Scandinavian than a pure German, as we may judge from the fact that he was born in Holstein, as also from his name. He was at one time Lutheran pastor of Hemme, in Holstein, but in 1903 he left the ministry to devote himself entirely to literature. Though we cannot doubt his patriotism, all his published writings have been distinctly anti-militarist. To name him "a simple trooper" is certainly inadequate, even if he once served his term in the Army.

Yours truly,  
ARTHUR L. SALMON.

#### MARSHAL HAYNAU.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

11 August 1915.

SIR,—For the benefit of your correspondents who are interested in the matter, I write to say that the illustrations as to the assault upon Marshal Haynau appear in the numbers of the "Illustrated London News" for 7 and 14 September 1850, on pages 199 and 221.

Your obedient servant,  
ZETETES.

#### AN EXTRAORDINARY COINCIDENCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Claridge's Hotel, Brook Street, W.

SIR,—I do not think anyone but myself has noticed the great resemblance between the equestrian statue "Physical Energy", by Watts, and Isidor Bonheur's "Cheval Écorché". I noticed it when Watts's horse was exhibited in the courtyard of the Royal Academy, before it was put up in Kensington Gardens, Rhodesia, the Crystal Palace, and other places. In order to satisfy myself of the resemblance I had photographs taken of Isidor Bonheur's horse at the same angle and lighting as the Watts horse, and I can show the photographs to anyone interested. The conclusion I came to is that the Watts horse is a copy of the Bonheur horse tilted up—that is to say, a block, if put under the front of the base of the latter, puts it into identically the same position as the Watts horse, except the off hind leg below the hock slopes farther back.

If you look at the Watts horse you will see that the base, instead of being horizontal, also tilts back. The difference so far is that Watts has omitted the triceps muscles, wholly on the off-side and partly on the near-side, to make room for the rider's legs (which are stuck forward as no horseman would put them, the most elementary knowledge of riding being that the calves must be pressed back against a horse when reining him in, so as to put the horse in equilibrium). The head and neck of Watts's horse are a copy of the Bonheur horse reversed—that is to say, as seen in a looking-glass.

Anyone can see for themselves by examining one of the plaster casts of I. Bonheur's "Cheval Écorché" at any artists' colourman's shop.

Watts made a curious mistake. A stallion, a gelding, and a mare are so different in shape that a horseman can recognise them apart, even if he only sees the head and neck. Now, "Physical Energy" obviously can only be expressed by a stallion; a gelding would express nothing and a mare would express grace, elegance, speed, or anything except force. Yet Watts copied the stallion features of Bonheur's horse, and made it a mare. This is like making a hen in a cock's shape and plumage.

Yours, etc.,  
WALTER WINANS.

#### REVIEWS.

"WRIT BY A WOMAN."

"The Works of Aphra Behn." Edited by M. Summers. Heinemann. 6 Vols. £3 3s. net.

[REVIEWED BY JOHN PALMER.]

WHO to-day knows, except from hearsay or a couplet of Pope, Astræa, the first woman writer of comedies, contemporary of Wycherley, author of successful plays, novels, and verses more than two centuries before the Brontës and George Eliot had exhibited to an incredulous world the woman's faculty divine? Hitherto Mrs. Aphra Behn has been the most neglected author of a neglected school. Most of the major "Restoration" dramatists have found their modern editors. There are, for example, Mr. G. S. Street's Congreve, Dr. Verity's Etherege, Dr. Ward's Vanbrugh. But Mrs. Behn has had to rely almost solely upon scattered notices and essays, and upon a kind of tacit understanding on the part of the casual readers of literary history that she was the most profligate author of a profligate day. Mr. Edmund Gosse is one of the few who have known and have written better; but Mr. Gosse will be ever welcome in that corner of Elysium where Suckling and Etherege and all the immortal dazzlers of that time are gathered. His homage to Astræa is just an incident of his homage to a period in our literature dear to all connoisseurs in English speech and in the rare bibelot.

Mrs. Behn has found her particular champion and editor in Mr. Summers. Mr. Summers is devoted, thorough, and enthusiastic. At times he is excessively enthusiastic. It was perhaps inevitable that Mrs. Behn's editor should be unrestrainedly ardent. To begin with, he has necessarily to be a devotee of the seventeenth century, infected with its careless spirit and in love with its idiom. The editing of these six volumes has required the intimate knowledge and sympathy which only a preordained enthusiast can bring to it. Then, in the case of Astræa, there is so much unjust neglect and calumny to rebut that her editor naturally warms to his work and perpetually adds fuel to the primal fire. It is natural in an advocate, when his client is unjustly charged with all kinds of moral iniquity, to go beyond a mere denial of the charge. He becomes infected with the spirit of the historian who starts by wondering whether Richard III. actually did kill his nephews, and ends by almost affirming that he was a kind of genial humourist. Mr. Summers knows that Mrs. Behn has been absurdly pilloried, and he is very humanly and creditably angry. As a result of this we are almost induced, before we have finished with his apologia, to wonder whether there is any real reason at all why the comedies of Mrs. Behn should not be put beside the stories of Louisa Alcott.

Seriously, Mr. Summers is too ardent for an editor. His preface would make an excellent essay; but the editor of six volumes packed with learned and accurate notes, and comprising the only extant complete edition of an English classic, hardly has the right to be personal. Mr. Summers here offers us an abiding literary achievement—a book to be preserved in the archives of every good library, and to act as a work of reference for generations. Such a book should not be quarrelsome, but merely correct. Mr. Summers should not be making points: he is recovering and recording indisputable judgments on behalf of posterity. It is in this spirit that he writes his notes and his short prefaces to the plays and stories. It is the more unfortunate that he should have included in his memoir passages which seem to implore the reader to contradict him. Paradoxically one attributes Mr. Summers' ardour in behalf of his subject to an inherent humility. He seems anxious to justify his book by showing how necessary it was that we should revise our judgment upon a neglected author. There was really no need for Mr. Summers to plead justification for his work. Any reader for whose judgment or approval he cares can acknowledge at a glance that he has done, and done well, a task which was long overdue.



With the main line of Mr. Summers' defence of Mrs. Behn's moral indiscretions one heartily agrees. The substance and tissue of Restoration comedy is fundamentally the same as that of the Palais Royal and its English derivatives to-day. Our chief amusement in the theatre now, as then, is to play with the idea of adventurous gallantry. The fashions are different, but the main appeal is the same. Mr. Summers might have extended his analogy between the modern and seventeenth-century stage. There is no real harm in the modern conventional sex farce, and even less harm in its authors. The modern farce with four or five doors to every room and almost as many "intrigues" is an ingenious theatrical exercise supplied by highly respectable professional playwrights to meet a public demand. Mrs. Behn's comedies were precisely that, and nothing more. Unlike the gentlemen amateurs—Etherege, Wycherley, Congreve, Buckingham and Sedley—Mrs. Behn wrote for a livelihood. Playwriting was her refuge from starvation and a debtor's prison. She industriously studied the taste of the town, and gave the town what it wanted. Critics of a later age have expressed a horror that Mrs. Behn should have written plays like Wycherley, and have assumed in her a brazen immodesty. These critics do not seem to reflect that the ladies of the court listened to the plays of Wycherley. Surely what one lady may hear in public another lady may write. That Mrs. Behn should write like Wycherley argues in her no special shamelessness, but merely a desire to please an audience by being in the fashion, and giving it the sort of amusement to which it was used. The mark of the professional and careless imitator is written legibly across all the plays of Astræa. Her gallants are a conventional and skilful copy of a popular stage figure of the time. They could hardly cost her a blush, for they were, so far as she was concerned, just bits of a theatrical jigsaw with which she intrigued her audience. To us to-day, who do not tolerate quite so direct a presentation of gallant affairs, there is something a little pathetic in the conscientiousness with which Mrs. Behn put her gallants through all their traditionally indecent paces. There is a poignant contrast between the coarse and ruffling gaiety of the kaleidoscope she so skilfully shakes and the almost grim industry with which she sets out to be fashionably lawless.

Mr. Summers does well to insist upon the novels of Mrs. Behn. One cannot help feeling that here was the work which lay nearest to her heart. Her plays are professional and expert imitations—pleasant for their ingenuity, fluency (Mrs. Behn's fluency is unmatched except in Wycherley and Farquhar), and talent for striking out vivid and witty phrases. They are also interesting to study because, being imitations, they emphasise what was common to the whole period and not merely particular to the personal genius of men like Etherege or Wycherley. But they are not the work of a writer who is compelled to write in just that particular way. The real Astræa is in the novels—more especially in the celebrated "Oroonoko". Astræa, in good truth, was nearer in temperament to Mrs. Beecher Stowe than to the wits of the Carolingian coffee-house. Mr. Summers mentions Bernardin de Saint-Pierre. It is far from "The Banished Cavaliers", with its bed-chambers and its tumbling escapades, to "Paul et Virginie". But "Paul et Virginie" is quite near to "Oroonoko". Mr. Summers does not, so far as we have seen, ask which—"Oroonoko" or "The Banished Cavaliers"—stands for the real Astræa. There can be no doubt at all of that. "Oroonoko" reveals to us how entirely mechanical was Mrs. Behn's adhesion to the comic drama of sex. These were escapades of her pen which left her as they found her, quite untouched in fancy. "Oroonoko", on the other hand, is a vital expression of her rather reserved and sentimental heart. It is a strange irony which has for generations identified her in common fame with the least reserved and sentimental of all comic theatres.

Perhaps this complete, scholarly and comely edition of her works, here offered to English readers for the first time, will a little correct the common view. Mr. Summers presents all the evidence with a wonderful

care. He completely destroys the image of that legendary hoyden which has well served so many moralists intent upon discrediting a very interesting phase of English social history. The late seventeenth century will some day be better understood as in some ways one of the most attractive periods we can show. Two things can at least be said for it; they are clear from these books alone. It was an age wherein no kind of hypocrisy could live, and an age in which the women of London, in education and in wit, could hold their own with the men. This last fact is important in respect of Astræa; for it drew upon her from Pope, who liked to see woman first and last as a "ministering angel", the censorious couplet in which for generations she was dismissed. Will anyone ever calculate exactly how much harm Pope has done to English criticism by his fatal gift for neatly and precisely saying the wrong thing?

#### IS THE FALL OF NATIONS INEVITABLE?

"The Venetian Republic: its Rise, its Growth, and its Fall, A.D. 400-1797." By the late W. Carew Hazlitt. Fourth Edition. 2 Vols. 1915. A and C. Black. £2 2s. net.

THESE huge volumes, the definitive results of a great historian's lifelong research and revision, are to a reviewer what a general's orders are to a good soldier in the field. They have a right to claim and to receive an eager confidence free from doubting questions. This will be admitted by everyone who has read the edition of 1900, an edition less finished than the present one, but rich with the harvesting of about forty years' toil. But clever youngsters to-day like to be superior critics puffed out with scepticism, and to them, as likely as not, the late Mr. Carew Hazlitt is a target to be fired at. They have picked up the idea that historic truth is but a fine phrase for winnowed evidence which no judge and jury would accept in a court of law. "Why toil among the dead ages and sages", they ask, "when truth about our own times has a hundred and one rival versions as different as discordant colours?"

This juvenile distrust is a great talker. If truth cannot be found either in past or in present history, why is it that decent men scorn lies, and that every human passion tells the truth about itself? Truth is a wondrous varied art which in vast effects appeals to all the world, and its pigments are all the passions and all the societies which have come from the strife of mankind. Myths, fables, legends, superstitions, prejudices, party conflicts, the falsehoods of diplomacy, etc., are all invaluable to historians, because they show from age to age the retention of primitive human nature modified by time and circumstances. Mr. Hazlitt never for a moment supposed that he could string truths together like precious stones threaded on gold wire. His aim was to recover from a chaos of historic evidence great sequences of broad pictures, often questionable here and there in detail, but true in perspective and in the inspiration of their paged and chaptered syntheses. As an artist in historic truth he was a miracle of patient care and modesty; and those who study him over a course of years, living in his companionship through the two thousand pages of his lifework, will learn that his understanding of the Venetian Republic is a permanent lesson in the statesmanship of history.

Why nations come and go, why men for a set of centuries build up a greatness which their descendants in another set of centuries bring to ruin; why civilisations emerge from the dark in poverty, toil up and up to their high zenith, then decline through wealth and luxury till they set like suns outworn, is the most terrible question that any mind can try to answer. Mr. Hazlitt gives all the material reasons why Venice, whose rough cradle days go back to Attila's time, and whose end as a city-empire seems but a detail in the scourge of Napoleonism, now shows in a dream of form and colour the music of a perishing architecture. At the close of the 15th century, after

the discovery of the trade route around the Cape of Good Hope, competitors began slowly to wrest from Venice and the Mediterranean their commercial supremacy. Spain, Holland, England, France, and the Turk in Europe, becoming busy with their ambitions, fought and sailed through the generations, and, by collecting colonies and by dappling the seas with rival fleets and argosies, proved that their rivalries would govern the future. The most insidious wars are those which, without using shot and shell, conquer and retain markets, always little by little, as encroaching tides devour land. It was easy for England and Venice to talk about their friendly relations; easy, too, as Shakespeare said, for "our tardy apish nation" to limp after Italy "in base imitation"; but England's rise from Tudor times onwards was one of several agencies that the Venetian Republic was unfitted to stand up against in commerce. For her geographical position, the small size of her territories, her antiquated system of government, her need of a national army, were settled hindrances to Venice as soon as she began to lose her marvellous wealth.

Also she acquired habits of prosperity that degenerated, as usual, into corrupt extravagance. Her life was a spacious carnival lit up with genius. Rooms in her palatial houses were so large that the generations dwindled away from them. And it was amid luxury and laughter that she came at last to the final scene in her long and splendid drama.

In one respect throughout her history she repeated a cruel mistake made by every civilisation that the world has known. Venice outraged a natural law whose teaching runs counter to the predatory egotism of men. Nature in her vital organs, as in the busy communities of her wondrous cells, gives us the inexorable rule of social life: it is all for each, and each for all. Her social health is a perfect orchestration; and diseases are local egotisms that break up this orchestration. Nature allows life to feed on lives, but she never approves disintegration in the social harmony of cells and of vital organs. Yet mankind has ever tried to prove that the only sane rule in social life is all for each, yet each for himself. To this day men decline to see that social strife is a gradual suicide more terrible by far than an occasional war between nations. Civilisations perish gradually from within from overweening egotism, however favoured they may be by external circumstances. So what politicians fear not at all—strife at home, partly between classes, partly in trades—sows in a nation the seeds of death.

One charm of Mr. Hazlitt's erudition is the *bonhomie* that makes the distant near and the past present. His mind is a gay pilgrim zealously fond of everything that can be seen and studied. Each volume in its scope has enough, but not too much, variety. It does not scatter into patchiness, nor does it overload with ornament any part of its growing plan. Also it is very well paced, every right-hand page having an attractive title. We know not why the name of the book was repeated on all the left-hand pages, since headings to summarise the contents would have been more fascinating and more useful to students. Marginalia likewise would have helped to edit the chapters into authoritative lures. These details apart, the etceteras of authorship are all that they need be, and the publishers' work is excellent. A good index by Mr. Francis John Payne has but one defect: it includes both volumes, instead of being divided into two parts, one for the first volume and another for the whole book. Neither editors nor reviewers give enough attention to these minor details of book-production. To aid study and research is to help the book; and when a book in its first volume contains 988 pages of history and 40 of preliminary matter, a double index, minutely exact, is a boon indeed.

As for the style of Mr. Carew Hazlitt, it responds variously to the subject-matter and has few difficulties. Here and there, no doubt, too much suspended matter dislocates a sentence. On the other hand, we are spared the hypnotic brevity of Macaulay and the

uniform academic routine of Freeman. Probably the best styles in modern historians are those of Froude and Renan; but Froude got himself into unending trouble by valuing his fads a good deal more—or a *bad* deal more—than he prized his chosen subjects. For all that, his narrative prose has a rare charm of its own; it asks no young student to hunt for its meaning, and it is refreshingly apt in phrase and unaffected in rhythm. Mr. Carew Hazlitt is too much occupied with his truth-seeking to set great store by the conscious artistry that "stylists" parade. Long-sought and dear-bought effects are not to be found in his pages; and his urbane enthusiasm is far off from bitter sarcasms and ironies. It is a temperament akin to Addison's that informs this abundant work.

Mr. Carew Hazlitt died suddenly after the whole of the first volume was printed and when he had passed for the press about a third part of the second volume. The proofing was finished by his executors, Miss Hazlitt and Mr. Alfred E. Thiselton, aided by Mr. Francis John Payne, whose knowledge of Italian history and literature is well known. Though it is a fashion to say that in recent times the habit of thoroughness has been sent to the limbo of forgotten things by Englishmen, we learn from Mr. Hazlitt, as from Lord Lister, that a Briton when he is in earnest can be more thorough than any other man, probably because he is by nature a colonist. It was in 1858 that the first version—a mere rough sketch—of "The Venetian Republic" appeared; and ever afterwards it grew, little by little, through accretion and untiring revision, into a vast book, a fitting monument completed in more than half a century.

#### PRIEST AND PATRIOT.

"The Diary of a French Army Chaplain." By Abbé Felix Klein. Melrose. 3s. 6d. net.

THIS diary of a French priest is one of the most honest and moving books we have read during the war. From August to December last year the Abbé Klein, in such moments of leisure as he had, recorded his thoughts and impressions. These, happily, have not been revised for publication. In this book are chronicled the kaleidoscopic emotions which men knew while news of battle was yet strange experience, bringing alarm or elation, both perhaps unwarranted but distinctly more human than is the impassive attitude to which a year of war has brought one. Reader shares with writer in the pride of Liège, the grief of Mons, and the glory of the Marne, although the side of the struggle seen by the Abbé Klein is the one most likely to make for persistent gloom. Many priests of France have done heroic work in the firing line, but to one of his age no such activity was possible. His task has been in the American Hospital at Neuilly, among the wounded, often among the dying. Even of victories he has only seen the cruel aftermath. The Abbé is indeed generous in his recognition (p. 141) of England's effort and of the "millions" who long ago sprang to the call, and he says truly that Lord Kitchener is a "great upright man": a man is one who struggles patiently and long with gigantic difficulties. But one must regretfully suggest—unless one prefers newspaper to knowledge—that the Abbé is, well, rather sanguine in his sums! He sees things rather more smilingly, alas, than they can, somehow, always be seen through the atmosphere of Whitehall, where there is too often a view of what Lord Randolph Churchill styled "Himalayan difficulties". However, there is something infectious in such enthusiasms, if we do not enquire too curiously into realities or know too much.

If one seeks to find what have been, and will be, the effects of war on human character, a great many suggestive passages will be met in this book. From first to last the author's patriotism shines clear, and every page emphasises his religious faith. Against these things the gates of hell, though he has seen and touched them, have not prevailed. Something more



than this, however, can be gathered from the diary. One of a people who contend for a right cause, the patriotism of the Frenchman has by no means made for a narrowing of sympathies towards mankind. The Abbé writes of "my Irishmen" as well as of "my Bretons", and his first salute is made to Belgium. Whatever territorial changes may eventually be made by force of arms, it is plain that many of the old frontiers of the heart have been destroyed. Naturally, the Abbé Klein has by his duties been brought nearest to those who hold his own religious faith, but we may note, too, that some of the old exclusiveness of creeds has died. In the hall where he made ready his chapel he tells us that "the Chaplain of the English Embassy is preparing a Protestant Altar", and adds "I had only to inform the Archbishop of what would be the different creeds of our Staff and wounded". Later, he does honour to the night hospital attendant, "an Anglican ritualist". "His piety", says the Abbé, "is touching . . . we go together to the patient, a boy of twenty, pink and white, the face of a baby who suffers and knows not why". Others, of other colour, suffer, too, in the hospital. There are dark soldiers from Algeria, darker ones from Senegal, but who notes these trifles?

Something, then, there is to mitigate the harshness of war, but the balance sways. Once a rumour comes to the priest that 50,000 Germans have been destroyed by fire in the Forest of Compiègne. "And to think", he writes, "that, anyhow for the first moment, I rejoice over the thought of this horrible thing! You criminals who command the Germans, to what will you degrade us by your contempt for the rights of others and your violation of all the laws of war?" One honours the writer for his confession, yet in his diary there are more words of charity than of hostility. The tales of bravery and piety are only equalled by those which tell of pain and sorrow, and their total is the glory and sacrifice of France. Again and yet again one notes the passing of old animosities. The birth of the new France, long prophesied, has been definitely announced to the world. It is proclaimed in this book, even as it was proclaimed in the letter Barrès wrote to Jaurès' daughter: "I loved your father"; and in the welcome Clemenceau gave to the monks returning at the call to arms—"les moines que nous avons chassés!"

#### A PERSONAL BOOK.

"Through a Dartmoor Window." By Beatrice Chase. Longmans. 4s. 6d. net.

WHEN with immense pain an olden writer "committed" a book he said: "Goe forth thou little natural issue of mine"; and, having placed it under the ægis of some powerful patron, he dared adverse censurers—as Momus—to "open their jaws" against it or do it harm. To-day the easy book-wright produces, hurriedly, a "spiritual child" out of atmosphere, clothes it, feverishly, in a "robe of white type-embroidered paper which makes it materially visible to the eyes of all mankind", and thereafter stands offering it to each and sundry as a morsel desired, nay commanded, by the "reading public". A very slight and very personal book of 271 pages has difficulties for the reviewer, an attenuation of interest precludes discursion and offers small opportunity for reference; the egoistic note calls for animadversion and a certain youthful assurance with naïveté almost disarms criticism. Judgment lies in the point of view. Had this *tour de force*—this task of three weeks' execution, been published anonymously much had appeared general that is now particular: much had been accepted as literary that is now merely intimate. In a former book the author came very near to success. But "The Heart of the Moor" was, it appears, an affair of more than nine months' concentration; care, at least, was given to that production with the cream of observations patiently if incompletely made during a sojourn of ten years upon Dartmoor. In it the personal vein is apparent, yet the work is generous and pleasing. Then friends intervened: "Give us", they said, "just the moor and your daily life and the people"; and thereupon, hey presto, a

book is forthcoming in which trivial details of "my own intimate daily life" dominate entirely the greater matter of the moor. Scarcely, we imagine, can a "jest" be savoured in an inventory of "homeless articles" deposited on a dresser in time of moving in; scarcely in a letter—of four and a half pages—describing the coming of rain into a moorland house in the wet season; scarcely, in a long uninspired letter attributed to the dictation of a very intelligent dog. The literary mode of quasi-confidential chat and light egotism is difficult of handling. Some years since "Elizabeth" of the "German Garden" adventured and achieved; but to employ it with success is not given to all, and if infelicitous it is very unhappy indeed. The influence of Devon's great moor does not lend itself to triviality or sentiment. It is, as master word-painters have shown, abounding in strength. Suggestions of majesty, of infinite beauty and awe, proceed from the mountains, the lonely vales and waste places of the earth. The "love" these express and inspire is not to be compared with that between the human mother and her helpless babe, but between the strong, unbending earth and disciplined man. "So hot? my little Sir", they say to whomsoever approaches them with beating pulses, fret, or fume. "All loss", say the wise, "all pain is particular: the Universe remains to the heart unhurt". Miss Chase was invited, we learn, to write of Dartmoor mightinesses "subjectively" and "as a lover", the fact being adduced that neither method had yet been used in a Dartmoor novel. A chapter entitled "The Mystery of Believer" shows the manner in which she enters the breach. It is plainly to be deprecated. "He", she is writing of Believer, "loves me more than any Tor loves me, because I alone saw a certain vision of white manhood lying, like a sacrificial victim, upon one of his great altar-like slabs of granite. Ah, yes; Believer and I have our secrets, one at least of which will be revealed, with fitting glory, when the Recording Angel at last opens his golden scroll".

Amongst living exponents of the personal style Mr. Hilaire Belloc stands high. His work is "unencumbered" with personality. A chapter in "Through a Dartmoor Window" provokes remembrance of his essay "On Mails", in which the objective, after an initial paragraph, vanishes away, to be replaced with other beauty. "Little pen", he then reproaches, "little fountain pen, little vagulous, blandulous pen, companion and friend, whither have you led me, and why cannot you learn the plodding of your trade?" Miss Chase has attempted this hazardous literary device. But her chapter, "The Good Tree", in being bereft of its proper objective, has no good furnishing in exchange. It is composed of chat of her "trade" of making books, of her rapid production of chapters, of her manner of spelling and punctuation, in short of her desk life as a "seasoned hand". This is scarcely the material or method of good craftsmanship. It is little more than the encumbrance—the undesired luggage—of personality.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

- Andrew, L., *The Sorrows of Belgium*. Macmillan. 5s. 6d. net.  
 Billington, M. F., *The Roll-Call of Serving Women*. Religious Tract Society. 3s. 6d. net.  
 Crespiigny, Mrs. C. de, Hester and I. Mills & Boon. 6s.  
 Everett-Green, E., *Herndale's Heir*. Paul. 6s.  
 Gaster, M., *Rumanian Bird and Beast Stories*. Sidgwick. 10s. 6d. net.  
 Gerard, M., *Beacon Fires*. Hodder. 6s.  
 Gould, Nat., *Never in Doubt*. Long. 6s.  
 Hemingway, R. D., *Three Gentlemen from New Caledonia*. Paul. 6s.  
 Lessing, Bruno, *With the Best Attention*. Hurst and Blackett. 6s.  
 Lovell, A., *Meditation*. Simpkin. 5s. net.  
 McGregor, M., *Cross-Tides*. Long. 6s.  
 Maugham, W. S., *Of Human Bondage*. 6s.  
 Mitford, C. G., *The Dual Identity*. Long. 6s.  
 Phillimore, Mrs. C. E., *A Million for a Soul*. Long. 6s.  
 Stowell, E. C., *The Diplomacy of the War of 1914*. Houghton Mifflin. \$5.00 net.  
 Thorndyke, R., *Doctor Syn*. Nelson. 6s.  
 Vorst, M. V., *Mary Moreland*. Mills & Boon. 6s.  
 Wilkinson, S., *The French Army before Napoleon*. Oxford University Press. 5s. net.

## INSURANCE.

## CLERGY MUTUAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

**A**LTHOUGH in general practice the insurance year terminates on 31 December, a few life offices still close their books at odd dates during the first half of the year. The experience of these offices in the matter of new business is at the present time extremely interesting, inasmuch as their statements reflect the effect of war conditions for a considerably longer period than five months. The old Clergy Mutual Assurance Society, for instance, has always ended its annual term on 31 May, and the accounts recently issued consequently relate to ten months' operations during the progress of a great European war.

It was generally expected that this society would make a very poor exhibit on the present occasion, but the accounts presented at the meeting on 20 July last show that the volume of assurances completed during the twelve months was not inconsiderable, though less than in most recent years. Fewer policies were naturally completed, but the sum assured by them amounted to £253,303, and compared with £269,251 in 1913-14. The difference in the total was therefore not important, and it seems to have been more than made good by increased new annual and single premiums, the amounts under these headings rising from £8,859 and £1,683 to £9,783 and £3,387 respectively. In the case of the annuity transactions the comparison between the two years was on the other hand distinctly unfavourable, and one may surmise that business of this description was specially affected—first, by the financial stringency which was generally experienced after war had broken out, and, latterly, by the great rise in the value of capital. It seems probable indeed that the public demand for annuities will for a long time to come prove small, unless insurance managements can see their way to offer far more tempting terms than those which for a number of years have been accepted without complaint. When a national stock can be bought to return  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. per annum and upwards and leading railway companies are offering debenture stocks and debentures on similar terms, there is clearly not much temptation to buy annuities at the old rates, and offices undertaking these transactions may be expected to revise their tables so as to give effect to the sudden change which has occurred.

The contraction in the amount received for the purchase of annuities goes some way to explain why the increase of the society's assurance fund was relatively small, but the main causes appear to have been increased claims and surrenders and diminished net interest receipts. In the matter of total premiums the society was able to report a satisfactory increase from £274,131 to £277,409, the ground lost in 1913-14 being thus regained. Gross interest earnings were also somewhat greater than in that year, but the net sum received, £174,418, was substantially smaller, because income-tax absorbed about £6,662 more. In

another direction, also, the administration of the society seems to have been notably successful last year, expenses being reduced from £19,762 to £18,951, and the ratio to premiums from £7 3s. 9d. to £6 16s. 8d. per cent. It was only, indeed, in connection with its mortality experience that the Clergy Mutual Society can be said to have been unfortunate as a result of the war. Up to the end of May death claims amounting to £27,463 has been paid in respect of twenty-two members killed in action. This sum is evidently not large, seeing that the total claims due to mortality were £306,502, or more than eleven times as much. As this amount, which compared with £231,691 in 1913-14, was £47,000 less than the sum that had been reserved in respect of the policies that became claims, it seems fairly safe to assume that—apart from the possible effects of depreciation—the prosperity of this octogenarian society will not be seriously affected by our national troubles. Ten months affords a fairly sufficient test, and at the end of that time the business—investments ignored—was in scarcely less satisfactory condition than at the beginning of the year. Mortality claims had increased, as shown, by less than 10 per cent., and the net yield of the investments was somewhat less. On the other hand, expenditure had been reduced, and the prospect of earning over  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on the funds could no longer be disregarded.

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## NATIONAL REGISTRATION.

THINGS TO REMEMBER.

### (1) GENERAL.

(1) Keep your form of questions neat and clean. Do not tear or spoil it, and, if possible, avoid creasing or folding it.

(2) Write the answers plainly in the spaces provided. Write your surname at the head of the form in large letters. They are easier to read.

(3) If you have doubts as to how to answer any question, the enumerator who leaves the forms at your house and collects them will help you if you ask him.

(4) If a form has not been left for you at the place where you sleep on the night of Sunday, 15 August, you should obtain one on Monday and fill it up as soon as possible.

(5) If you are travelling on Sunday night, and have not received a form before starting, you should obtain one and fill it up at the place where you arrive on Monday morning. If you have received your form, don't leave it behind you. If you leave home after receiving a form, but before 15 August, take it with you and hand it when filled up to the enumerator who calls at the address where you are temporarily stopping. The same applies if you are returning home after a temporary absence.

(6) You are asked to give your permanent postal address. By this is meant the address where you can usually be found and to which letters to you can be sent.

If you are an employee "living in" (a domestic servant or shop assistant) give your place of work and residence as your permanent postal address.

### (2) SPECIAL points to bear in mind in answering particular questions:—

Question 4. In answering this question you should put down the number of children who actually rely on you wholly or partially for their food and lodging, or the money to pay for it. If you are a married woman and your husband supports the home and the children from his income or earnings, you should, nevertheless, put down the same reply to question (4) as your husband. Question (5) may have difficulties for you. In the first place, if you are a married man, it is not intended that you should put down your wife under column (5) amongst "other dependants." If you support your father or mother, brother or sister or other relative, and are, in fact, providing him (or her) with food and lodging or the money for it, then he (or she) is dependent on you (wholly or partially as the case may be), and the number of such "dependants" must be stated in column (5).

Notice carefully that persons in your employment to whom you pay wages (your servants) are not to be entered under column (5).

Question (6) is most important. See the footnote on the form. In answering be careful to state as exactly as you can just what it is that you do for your living.

Above all, your answer should always show the material you work in, if any. If you are engaged in two or more distinct occupations, you should state first that by which your living is mainly earned. If at the moment out of employment you should still record your usual occupation under (6).

Question (7). Note in regard to this question that you should only give your employer's name, business and business address if you are employed by him in his business (factory, workshop, shop, office, etc.), or in connection with it (as an agent or traveller or driver of a van or cart, etc.). If you are not employed at all write "None" in column 7. If you are employed as a domestic servant or a gardener or a coachman or a game-keeper in a private house or grounds you need only to write in column 7 your master's name, adding his private address if you do not live in his house.

Question (8). In answering this question those people who are working directly under and getting their pay from a Government Department will have no difficulty. But some will be doing work which may or may not be for a Government department—they may not know. In that case the answer should be "Do not know." A moment's thought, however, should decide the answer for most people—"Yes" or "No." Thus you should say "Yes" if you are engaged on a piece of work, e.g., munitions work, for a private firm which is executing a Government contract. You should not say "Yes" if you are a clerk in a firm which occasionally gets a contract for a supply of (say) cocoa for the Navy, or if you are employed by a District Council or other local authority.

Question (9). Be specially careful over this question. Unless you possess practical skill in some craft or class of work outside your present occupation or employment your answer should be "No." Skill in any sort of work requiring special training should be put down, whether persons doing such work are usually called "skilled workmen" or not. Thus, for example, skill in milking should be put down as well as skill in riveting. If you have changed your occupation you should enter here the kind of work which you were formerly trained to do if you are still able to do it. If you really do not know whether your skill is of the kind for which there is a demand, you should put down your offer.

After you have been registered you will receive a certificate which you must sign and keep carefully.

Do not forget that if you change your address and leave your home (otherwise than temporarily) you must send your certificate to the Clerk of the Council of the district where your new home is, with your new address written on the back (see instructions on the back of the certificate). The simplest way is to hand the certificate in at the Post Office nearest your new home.

**THE NOBEL-DYNAMITE TRUST CO., LTD.**

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an Extraordinary General Meeting of the above Company will be held at Hall No. 25, Winchester House, 50, Old Broad Street, in the City of London, on Wednesday, 25 August 1915, at one o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of considering and if thought fit passing the following Resolutions, with or without modification, with a view to the same being subsequently confirmed as Special Resolutions.

**RESOLUTIONS.**

1. That it is desirable to wind up the Company, and accordingly that the Company be wound up voluntarily, and that HAROLD JOHN MITCHELL and MATTHEW BAIN DICKIE, both of 220, Winchester House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C., be and they are hereby appointed Liquidators for the purpose of such winding up.
2. That the draft Agreement submitted to this meeting and expressed to be made between the Company and its Liquidators of the one part and the Norddeutsche Bank in Hamburg of the other part (which draft agreement has for the purpose of identification been initialled by the Chairman of the meeting) be and the same is hereby approved, and that the said Liquidators be and they are hereby authorised to enter into an Agreement with the said Norddeutsche Bank in Hamburg in the terms of the said draft, and to carry the same into effect with such modifications (if any) as they may think expedient.
3. That the draft Agreement also submitted to this Meeting and expressed to be made between the Company and its Liquidators of the one part and Nobel's Explosives Co., Ltd., of the other part (which draft Agreement has also for the purpose of identification been initialled by the Chairman of the Meeting) be and the same is hereby approved, and that the said Liquidators be and they are hereby authorised pursuant to Section 192 of the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908, to enter into an Agreement with Nobel's Explosives Co., Ltd., in the terms of the said draft, and to carry the same into effect with such modifications (if any) as they may think expedient.
4. That there be paid to the Directors of the Company by way of additional remuneration for their services as Directors the sum of £23,332 4s. 9d., the same to be divided amongst them as they may agree, or in default of agreement equally.

And Notice is also hereby given that a Second Extraordinary General Meeting of the Company will be held at Hall No. 25, Winchester House, Old Broad Street, in the City of London, on Thursday, 9 September 1915, at one o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of receiving a report of the proceedings at the first meeting, and if the above-mentioned resolutions shall have been duly passed, with or without amendment, at such meeting, to consider the resolutions so passed and if approved to confirm the same as special resolutions.

Prints of the above-mentioned Agreements may be seen at the offices of the Company on any day during business hours.

Holders of share warrants desirous of attending the meetings will receive certificates entitling them to do so upon depositing their warrants seven days at least before the dates fixed for the meetings at one of the places hereinafter mentioned, viz.:-

The registered office of the Company, 220, Winchester House, 50, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.  
Nobel's Explosives Co., Ltd., Nobel House, 195, West George Street, Glasgow.  
Union Bank of Scotland, Ltd., London, Glasgow, and Edinburgh.  
London City and Midland Bank, Ltd. (Metropolitan Bank Branch), Bennett's Hill, Birmingham.  
Belfast Banking Co., Ltd., Belfast.

and such other places as the Board may determine.

The share warrants thus deposited can be withdrawn upon the surrender of the deposit certificates by the shareholders to whom they were issued on and after 25 August 1915, and 9 September 1915, respectively.

Registered members, and those share warrant holders who have obtained deposit certificates, may be represented by proxy at the meetings, and forms for the purpose (which alone will be valid) may be obtained at the before-mentioned places.

Prints of a circular explanatory of the resolutions can also be obtained at the above-mentioned places.

By Order of the Board,

E. A. B. HODGETTS, } Joint Secretaries.  
H. J. MITCHELL, }

220, Winchester House,  
Old Broad Street, London, E.C.,  
9 August 1915.

NOTE.—Proxies must, in accordance with Clause 76 of the Company's Articles of Association, be deposited at the Registered Office of the Company, at No. 220, Winchester House, No. 50, Old Broad Street, London, E.C., at least two clear days before the time of holding the meeting at which the proxy is to be used.

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**FARROW'S BANK, LTD.****THE WAR'S EFFECT ON BANKS.  
A TRIBUTE TO THE TREASURY.**

PRESIDING at the Eleventh Annual General Meeting of Farrow's Bank, Ltd., Mr. Thomas Farrow, the chairman, commented upon the serious situation which had arisen in international affairs since the last meeting of shareholders. No one, he said, could have contemplated that at their last gathering they were on the eve of so stupendous a tragedy or at the commencement of a war the like of which had never been known in the history of the world. It was true that they had had some slight warning by the sudden rise of the Bank rate that England might be involved in a European cataclysm, but that we should have been committed to such an extent no one could have foreseen. That week in August last comprised laborious days and sleepless nights on the part of the directors in preserving the Bank's interests. The situation was as grave as could have been imagined for the whole of the banks of the country, but thanks to the initiative, the foresight, the courage of the Government, and in particular of Mr. Lloyd George, the then Chancellor, measures were devised by which panic was averted and public confidence restored. The word "moratorium" had become to bankers as sacrosanct as that blessed word "Mesopotamia" to the old lady of legend and fable. The result of the measures which the Government initiated under the guidance of the leaders of finance and the bankers of the City were such that within a few days from the outbreak of the war the banks themselves were able to proceed upon the even tenor of their way practically as if there had been no European crisis and as though the Emperor of Germany had not suddenly thrown the whole of the world's affairs into the melting-pot. It could not be too strongly emphasised that the imagination and the courage which Mr. Lloyd George and his successor in office had shown in rallying to the support of the banking institutions of the country had been of the highest importance, and he was glad to say that Farrow's Bank had been included with all the other joint stock banks in the assistance which the Treasury had offered, and might still vouchsafe, to them.

In the patriotic calls which had been made upon us as a nation he was glad to record that the clients and customers of Farrow's Bank had done their part. They had responded whole-heartedly to both the War Loans which had been issued, and as a bank they had had the privilege of applying on behalf of their customers and themselves for an appreciable amount of stock. Obviously the withdrawal of large sums for this purpose had tended to deplete the current account and deposit balances, but despite that result the balance sheet now submitted disclosed the fact that the Bank had increased its figures all round in such a way as he was sure would command the satisfaction and approval of every shareholder. The Bank's assets had reached the sum of £1,880,888 12s. 4d., a near approach to the much coveted two millions; the current, deposit, thrift, and other accounts had reached the large total of £1,449,272 13s., and in that connection he observed that no less than £1,016,220 12s. 1d. of that sum was represented by deposits which were subject to varying terms of notice. The Bank still adhered, and would continue to adhere, to its original policy of refusing to receive deposits at call. Stock, share, and other investments amounted to £490,263 8s. 2d., and the former had been written down to the official minimum prices, or prices quoted in the official list or by brokers at 30 June 1915. Advances to customers, loans, bills discounted, and other accounts amounted to £1,146,676 4s. The net profit for the year, including the balance of £8,104 6s. 4d., amounted to £45,810 7s. 6d. £15,000 had this year been added to the reserve fund, as against £7,500 last year, and £5,000 in ordinary years. There was a carry-forward of £10,312 1s. 7d. undivided profit, which was larger than that of any previous year. These measures of prudence, he believed, would commend themselves to the shareholders. The dividend for the year was at the rate of 6 per cent., a reduction of 1 per cent. on previous years, another instance of the directors' desire to husband the resources and to conform to the excellent example offered them in this respect by the other joint stock banks of the country.

The Bank still had the distinction of occupying the premier position in the annual official table, which showed the proportion of capital and reserve of all banks possessing a million pounds of share capital and upwards to their liabilities. The foreign department, regardless of the war, had done business which ran into big figures and which had practically doubled themselves during the year; notwithstanding the closing of the Stock Exchange, the stock and share department had made profits which did not compare at all unfavourably with those of previous years; the other departments of the Bank, especially that of the Women's Bank, had similarly shown results beyond all expectations under the abnormal conditions which prevailed.

Excellent progress had also to be recorded with regard to the branches in Scotland and Ireland, thanks largely to the advisory boards of those countries. No less than 25 per cent. of the Bank's staff had joined His Majesty's Forces under the provisions which the Bank had made, and which had won the commendation of the War Office. He was glad, also, to record that the additional work which this depletion of the staff had entailed was being cheerfully borne by the men who had continued to serve at home.

The report and balance-sheet were unanimously adopted and the usual vote of thanks accorded.



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